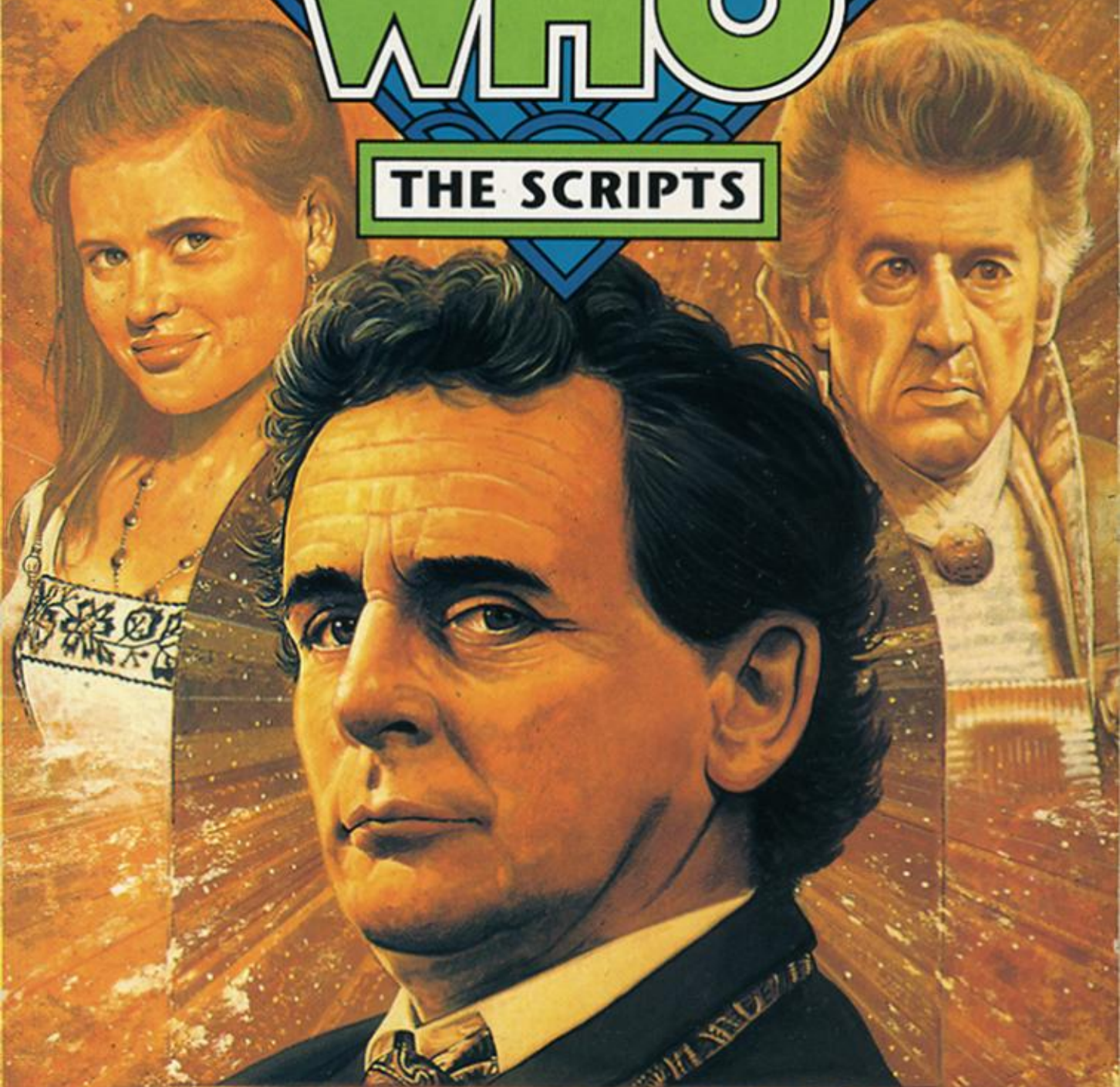


DOCTOR WHO

THE SCRIPTS



GHOST LIGHT

Marc Platt

Edited by John McElroy



GHOST LIGHT

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TITAN BOOKS
LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

As the range of Titan's Doctor Who Script Books continues to expand, I am frequently asked how we determine which stories to publish in script form.

Although I am a self-confessed fan of the earlier Doctors, I feel we should use scripts from all eras of the programme, and therefore all Doctors too. Sylvester McCoy's portrayal of the Doctor is undoubtedly extremely popular with a large section of the fan base and, as the current Doctor (technically, at least), I wanted to include a seventh Doctor book in the series as soon as possible.

The big difference, however, between a story broadcast in the sixties and one broadcast in the eighties, is that of accessibility. With somewhere in excess of 80% of households in the UK now owning a video recorder, one must assume that the majority of fans will have taped the Doctor's more recent adventures. Therefore, in deciding which story to publish in script form, I considered not only the story itself (and *Ghost Light* is certainly one of the most atmospheric of recent times), but also the availability of information concerning the changes to the script that occurred in the creative process leading up to transmission.

I asked Marc Platt, *Ghost Light*'s author, if he would mind writing a piece for the book, in part explaining some of the less clear sections of the script. To my delight, Marc not only agreed, but sat down and enthusiastically wrote an extremely interesting and informative article, also providing script extracts from earlier versions of his story, which we have included after the main body of the script. Marc makes the comment that one of the things he learnt was the viewer needs to be told everything more than once. This is undoubtedly the case, but in fairness it should be said that there are one or two important plot points that, by the time the programme was edited and transmitted, the viewer was not told at all!

My grateful thanks to Marc Platt, and to Stephen James Walker who has once again provided the background details. *Ghost Light* is a story that people liked and thought had a terrific atmosphere, but were sometimes not quite sure exactly what was meant to be happening. Hopefully after reading this book, all will become clear.

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In the immediate future, we shall once again be delving much further back into the thirty year history of *Doctor Who*, concentrating on a number of stories where none or only part of a story exists in the BBC's archives. Fans of the fifth and sixth Doctors should not despair, as I am quite sure that before long they too will be represented in the series. As always with the Script Books, we welcome your views and would like to know whether you prefer us to concentrate on the older stories, or to provide a mix of old and new.

John McElroy, May 1993

BACKGROUND

Ghost Light holds a very significant place in *Doctor Who* history as it is, to date, the last new story to have been produced by the BBC - although not the last to have been transmitted, as it was brought forward to take second place in the running order of the four stories which made up the series' twenty-sixth season.

Writer Marc Platt was a fan of *Doctor Who* from the beginning and had been submitting story ideas to the production office since the mid-seventies. He had received some encouraging feedback from successive script editors, including Robert Holmes, Christopher H. Bidmead and Eric Saward, and had even reached first draft script stage on one project - a fifth Doctor story entitled *Warmongers*, co-written with fan author Jeremy Bentham (using the pseudonym Charles M. Stephens), in which the Sontarans and the Rutans brought their long-running interplanetary conflict to the blitz-torn London of the forties. *Ghost Light*, however, was his first work actually to be commissioned by the BBC.

The full background to the writing of the story - which had the working title *The Bestiary* and then, after this had been vetoed by producer John Nathan-Turner, *Life-Cycle* - is revealed by Marc Platt in his special feature for this book. The scripts which he provided for the three, twenty-five minute episodes were densely written and erudite, full of entertaining literary references, interesting thematic resonances and witty one-liners, offering a very effective parody of the macabre Gothic world of the Victorian gentry. The sinister 'haunted house' setting - carried over from his earlier story idea *Lungbarrow*, based around the Doctor's old ancestral home on the Time Lord's native planet Gallifrey - was perfectly suited to the direction in which the production team was endeavouring to take *Doctor Who*, with the Doctor being presented as a somewhat darker and more mysterious figure than in the recent past. Also in common with most other stories of this period, *Ghost Light* had considerable emphasis placed on the Doctor's companion, Ace, whose character was very well developed and far removed from the clichéd 'screamers' of some previous eras.

The team responsible for bringing *Ghost Light* to the screen was essentially the same that had handled the previous production,

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Survival. The director was Alan Wareing, who had made his début in that capacity on the acclaimed twenty-fifth season story *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*; the costumes were provided by Ken Trew, who had been designing for the series on and off since season eight's *Terror of the Autons* and had earlier served as an assistant on stories dating back as far as season three's *The Myth Makers*; the make-up designer was Joan Stribling, whose *Doctor Who* career had begun on season seventeen's *Nightmare of Eden*; and the designer was Nick Somerville, who had no previous *Doctor Who* experience but had once worked as assistant to Raymond P. Cusick, the man responsible for realising the Daleks.

One big difference between *Survival* and *Ghost Light* in production terms was that the former had been an all-location shoot, whereas the latter was made almost entirely within the confines of the BBC's Television Centre studios. The only location recorded material seen during the course of these three episodes was an occasional establishing shot of the 'haunted house', Gabriel Chase, which had been specially taped by Alan Wareing in Weymouth, Dorset, on 21 June 1989, while his crew were in that part of the country working on *Survival*.

A very important feature of any *Doctor Who* adventure is the principal adversary against whom the Doctor has to pit his wits, and in this case the protagonist was a character known as Light.

"I wanted something which was incredibly awesome and frightening, with god-like powers, and which was elemental," says Marc Platt. "Something incredibly archaic, which had been around for centuries and centuries. I initially wanted to give him a lot more background, but in the end I decided not to, and I think that improved the mystery. Very early in the concept I don't think he actually spoke, but Andrew Cartmel thought that, as all the rest of the characters were so strong, he should have a more recognisable and identifiable character, and that helped in shaping the ideas.

"In essence, Light evolved as a *deus ex machina* but, rather than descending in glory at the end, he was there all along and turned out to be a rather amoral being. The fundamental concept was of a cosmic

version of a Victorian naturalist, who would dissect a human just as quickly as a human would dissect a rat."

Alan Wareing took an active interest in the character's realisation. "I had a lot of discussion with Marc," he says, "as to how the character of Light was written in the early drafts of the script and how I wanted it to be different.

"I remember that Light was much more a physical character originally. I wanted him to be more a presence than a being. I wanted him to be an untouchable. There was a lot of physical contact in the earlier drafts of the scripts, not just with Light but with Control as well, and I felt this was wrong. The most important thing about Light for me was that he was an energy mass which had just taken on a temporary human form. Light was the source of power and it was Light that Nimrod worshipped, not a being or a person but an entity, and that was how I wanted him to appear - as something which was almost unlookable-at. That was my starting point for the character.

"The other thing was the revelation of Light at the start of episode three. This was the strongest image I had in my mind: a strong, powerful light and a figure stepping through it. I had this image from the word go and I was keen for Marc to adjust the character slightly so that I could use it.

"In an earlier draft, when Light first came out of the lift, all that was supposed to be seen was a bare foot stepping out. Marc had wanted a biblical feel to it. But I felt that this energy mass would not be 'stepping' anywhere, so I adopted a hovering, gliding image instead.

"The two main qualities I wanted Light to have were to be tall and thin. Did you ever see *Poltergeist II*? It featured, as the chief ghost, a character like a Victorian preacher. He had the look that I wanted: sort of gaunt and predatory. There is a wonderful scene where he is in a shopping mall, trying to catch the girl in the story, and he walks right through someone. That took my breath away. I wanted a similar thing to happen with Light, for him to walk through people, but we couldn't manage it, although I tried very hard to get it to work. I

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wanted to reinforce the idea that Light was not solid - he was a force."

Another important element in the character's realisation was the costume designed by Ken Trew, who later recalled how it had come about:

"I did find it very difficult to crack the character of Light as I felt that the script's description of him as almost a Victorian vicar wouldn't have been effective. I first toyed with the idea of him being a futuristic thing and then tried to base it in the past. Then suddenly it hit me: the house had a stained glass window, and Light could be something almost pre-Raphaelite. I then thought of working in something about the idea of beetles coming to life and moving around the house. I realised that if I gave him a cloak like the shell of a beetle this would tie in with a line in the script, where he comes in through a window and folds his wings. There was a comma left out of the description so that it read '...Light settles and folds his cloak like wings' instead of '...Light settles and folds his cloak, like wings'. That gave me another idea, and so the cloak got really big and I added metal feathers to the arms as a further pre-Raphaelite reference, like one of the great Rosetti angels.

"The colours I used in costume came from the concept of Light as having no corporeal existence. I used a lot of gold and silver, and ultimately, seeing the finished programme with all the video effects added, I wish that I had used more of the gold which was on the neck piece, as that was more reflective. I did design it to be reflective, as Henry Barber, the lighting designer, wanted to hit it with a lot of light from behind.

"The plaque on Light's chest was a bit of pre-Raphaelite detail that Robert Allsopp, the maker of the costume, achieved brilliantly. I showed him some drawings of a sort of Celtic, plaited design and he came up with this plaque, which worked wonderfully. It was multifaceted and some parts appeared as holes one moment and then as surfaces the next as Light moved around, catching the light."

To stress the fact that Light was supposed to be a force rather than a corporeal entity, Alan Wareing arranged with the story's video

effects designer, Dave Chapman, to have a glowing aura added around his figure in post-production, enhancing the lighting effect created by Henry Barber in the studio.

Another important contribution to the on-screen realisation of Light was made by John Hallam, the actor chosen for the role, who imbued the part with a manic intensity, adopting a range of high-pitched vocal tones to emphasise the character's constantly evolving nature.

Hallam, perhaps best known for his role in the ITV serial *The Mallens*, was just one of a number of highly distinguished artistes engaged by Alan Wareing for the cast of *Ghost Light*. Mrs Pritchard, the sinister night housekeeper of Gabriel Chase, was played by Sylvia Syms, a highly experienced actress with numerous credits to her name, including a 1963 role starring opposite William Hartnell - soon to become the first Doctor - in the film *The World Ten Times Over*. Ian Hogg, whose most recent successes had been in the title role of the police series *Rockliffe's Babies* and *Rockliffe's Folly*, played the husky Josiah Samuel Smith, whose name was almost changed at one point to Josiah Solomon Smith to avoid confusion with the Samuel Smith real ale served in many pubs around the country. Inspector MacKenzie, named after one of Marc Platt's friends, was portrayed by Frank Windsor, who made his *Doctor Who* début as Ranulf in the fifth Doctor story *The King's Demons*, but had previously won fame as Inspector John Watt in *Z Cars* and *Softly Softly* and other spin-offs. Michael Cochrane, who took the role of deranged explorer Redvers Fenn-Cooper, had also appeared in *Doctor Who* before, as Lord Cranleigh in *Black Orchid*, another fifth Doctor story. So too had Carl Forgione, the Neanderthal Nimrod, who had taken the role of Land, one of the meditation centre residents in the third Doctor's swan song, *Planet of the Spiders*.

One of the most challenging roles in the story was Control, which went to Sharon Duce, star of *Helen - A Woman of Today* and the *Big Deal* series. Starting out as a primal, rag-shrouded creature, Control evolved during the course of the three episodes into a proper Victorian 'ladylike', which meant that Duce had to introduce subtle variations

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into her performance for each successive scene - a task made all the more difficult by recording often taking place out of plot sequence, as was usual at this point in the series' history. After experimenting with a number of different approaches, Duce eventually opted to play the part somewhat in the manner of Eliza Doolittle from *Pygmalion* - one of Marc Platt's original inspirations for the character.

Other important parts in the story went to veteran character actor John Nettleton as the sceptic Reverend Ernest Matthews, to Brenda Kempner as the daytime housekeeper Mrs Grose, and to rising star Katharine Schlesinger (whose first name was misspelt 'Katherine' on the closing credits to parts one and two) as the tragic Gwendoline.

Read-throughs for the story began on Thursday 6 July 1989 in Room 201 at the BBC's Rehearsal Rooms in Acton. During the fortnight of rehearsals which followed, the cast got to grips with their characters and with the complexities of the plot. Alan Wareing found that on a number of occasions he had to phone Marc Platt to check a particular detail had been correctly understood, but by the time the studio recordings began, on Tuesday 18 July, everyone was thoroughly *au fait* with their respective contributions. Many would later tell interviewers what an enjoyable and challenging story it had been to make. Indeed, regulars Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred would often cite it as one of their own favourites.

Nick Somerville's highly detailed and realistic sets for Gabriel Chase were a particular highlight of the production. The ground floor was laid out in much the same way as a real Victorian house, with rooms leading off from a central hallway, while the upper floors were constructed as raised sets so that the actors could actually be seen ascending stairs to reach them. Many pieces of genuine antique furniture and other set dressing were hired specially, and Somerville even went to the trouble of having an industrial hydraulic lift erected in the studio to achieve the problematic effect of an open-cage elevator leading down in to the basement of the house. The stone spaceship in the basement was achieved as a joint effort between Somerville and visual effects designer Malcolm James, who provided the wall membrane

behind which Light was supposedly trapped and also all the control consoles. Marc Platt had hoped that it might be possible to have Neanderthal-style cave paintings on the walls of the passageway adjoining the ship, to emphasise Nimrod's origins, but this was eventually ruled out on the grounds of costs.

Other effects provided by Malcolm James and his team included the Doctor's radiation detector, a candle specially rigged with a gas supply so that it could be made to flare up on cue, and some fake bugs for Control to eat and Josiah to crush in the final episode. A wildlife specialist was called in to provide the many real-life bugs and insects seen in the latter stages of the story.

The parlour song performed by Gwendoline during the course of the action was a genuine Victorian piece entitled 'That's the Way to the Zoo', composed around 1881 by J. F. Mitchell. It was found by the BBC music library after Marc Platt had asked them to provide a period piece with an animal theme, and fitted the story perfectly. Katharine Schlesinger sang the song live in the studio on 1 August 1989, having taken some singing lessons, but merely mimed the piano accompaniment, which had been prerecorded on tape by professional pianist Alasdair Nicolson.

The last scene to be completed for the story - and therefore the last to be done for *Doctor Who* to date - was the one in which Mrs Pritchard and Gwendoline are turned to stone by Light. For this, both actresses had to change into white replicas of their usual costumes and sit motionless, as if frozen into immobility, while the shot was recorded. The stone-look effect was then created in post-production using the electronic paintbox system.

Other video effects added in post-production included: the glowing eyes of a rocking horse in the upper observatory and of stuffed animals in other parts of the house, representing a surveillance system used by Josiah to keep track of events; the light from an oil lamp carried by Nimrod in the basement; bolts of energy repelling Josiah from the elevator doors at the climax of part two; and similar bolts emanating from Light to show his energy dissipating at the end of the story,

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along with the draining away of all the colour from his face. The location shots of the house were also altered by paintbox to incorporate a domed observatory and to give the impression of a stormy sky, with the addition of the occasional fork of lightning.

John Nathan-Turner's original intention for the story's incidental music had been to commission a score played on conventional orchestral instruments - reviving a practice he had discontinued in favour of radiophonic tracks when he took over as producer in 1980. This turned out to be beyond the series' budget, however, so Mark Ayres - a *Doctor Who* fan who had also composed for two previous stories, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* and *The Curse of Fenric* - was engaged to provide a synthesiser-based score in the usual way. His first idea was to create something in the style of a chamber quartet, but this proved unsuccessful. He then adopted a range of different sounds, including a deep bass motif to emphasise the sinister atmosphere of Gabriel Chase, an African pipe theme and some powerful organ chords. He also incorporated occasional snatches of Gwendoline's parlour song, 'That's the Way to the Zoo'.

When eventually transmitted, in October 1989, *Ghost Light* won average ratings of 4,100,00 viewers per episode - a very respectable figure, bearing in mind that *Doctor Who* was at this point scheduled opposite ITV's long-running soap opera *Coronation Street*, Britain's most popular programme. It was also well received by the fans, notwithstanding the fact that some found the plot rather difficult to follow, and was seen as part of a general trend of improvement in the series' standards, which many felt to have reached a low point in the mid-eighties. While this could hardly make up for the fact that *Doctor Who* was dropped from the schedules the following year, it was at least of some consolation to know that production had ended on such a high note.

Stephen James Walker, May 1993

With acknowledgements to David J. Howe, Andrew Pixley, Marc Platt, Mark Stammers, Ken Trew and Alan Wareing.

CAST

The Doctor	Sylvester McCoy
Ace	Sophie Aldred
Josiah	Ian Hogg
Mrs Pritchard	Sylvia Syms
Redvers Fenn-Cooper	Michael Cochrane
Control	Sharon Duce
Gwendoline	Katharine Schlesinger
Reverend Ernest Matthews	John Nettleton
Nimrod	Carl Forgione
Mrs Grose	Brenda Kempner
Inspector Mackenzie	Frank Windsor
Light	John Hallam
Husks	Keith Harvie Jack Talbot
Day maids	Katie Jarrett Sue Somerset
Night maids	Emma Darrell Vivienne Darke Diana Frances Fiona King

TECHNICAL DETAILS

Story code: 7Q

Story title: Ghost Light

Working titles: Life-Cycle

The Bestiary

Author: Marc Platt

Number of episodes: 3

Studio recording dates: 18th July 1989

19th July 1989

1st August 1989

2nd August 1989

3rd August 1989

Studio: TC3

Episode One

Duration 24'17"

First transmitted 4th October 1989, at 19:34:02

Viewing figure 4,200,000

Audience appreciation figure 68%

Episode Two

Duration 24'18"

First transmitted 11th October 1989, at 19:34:12

Viewing figure 4,000,000

Audience appreciation figure 68%

Episode Three

Duration 24'17"

First transmitted 18th October 1989, at 19:35:05

Viewing figure 4,000,000

Audience appreciation figure 64%

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Producer	John Nathan-Turner
Script editor	Andrew Cartmel
Director	Alan Wareing
Designer	Nick Somerville
Design assistant	Paddy Lea
Production manager	Gary Downie
Production assistant	Valerie Whiston
Production associate	June Collins
Finance assistant	Paul Goodliffe
Producer's secretary	Clare Kinmont
Assistant floor manager	Stephen Garwood
Artist booker	Maggie Anson
Properties buyer	Nick Barnett
Sound	Scott Talbott
	Keith Bowden
Lighting director	Henry Barber
Visual effects designer	Malcolm James
Visual effects assistants	Mike Tucker
	Guy Lunn
Costume designer	Ken Trew
Costume assistant	Sally Booth-James
Senior dresser	Riley Clark
Dressers	Karon Beale
	Ray Greenhill
	Lisa Bellingham
	Sara Wilkinson
Costume contractor	Robert Allsop
Make-up designer	Joan Stribling
Make-up assistants	Christine Wheeler
	Helen Johnson
Camera supervisor	Spencer Payne
Vision mixer	Susan Brincat

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Technical co-ordinator	Richard Wilson
Production operations supervisor.....	Vic Young
VT.....	Steve Grayston
VT editor.....	Hugh Parson
Video effects	Dave Chapman
Grams op	Mike Weaver
Incidental music	Mark Ayres
Special sound	Dick Mills
Graphic designer	Oliver Elmes
Theme music composed by	Ron Grainer
Theme music realised by	Keff McCulloch
Title sequence realised by	Graham Edwards

EPISODE ONE

1. EXTERIOR THE HOUSE OF GABRIEL CHASE (SUNSET).

(A Victorian country house stands grim and forbidding in spacious grounds. The house is a desirable residence for any well-heeled Victorian landowner. The roof of the house boasts an unusual feature: a domed observatory. The year is 1883.)

2. INTERIOR LOWER OBSERVATORY AND ACCESS TUNNEL.

(The folding door of an antique lift concertinas open and MRS PRITCHARD, the night housekeeper, emerges, pale and gaunt, dressed in black with hair scraped back into a bun. She carries a glass oil lamp and is followed by an equally gaunt maid in full Victorian mopcap regalia, who carries a tray with a domed cover on it. They enter a large room, furnished in tasteful Victoriana, with a desk and several stuffed birds. There are no windows. The room is surrounded by drapes and screens,

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disguising the fact that this is really a stone spacecraft, and hiding a multitude of less tasteful and very alien secrets. Crossing the chamber, MRS PRITCHARD presses a button on the desk and a drape rises to reveal a panelled door in the stone wall. MRS PRITCHARD approaches the door and looks through a spyhole.)

MRS PRITCHARD: I have brought you your dinner. And your copy of *The Times*.

(Using a stick, MRS PRITCHARD opens a panel at the door's base. The maid uncovers the tray to reveal chunks of raw fruit and vegetables on best china, a tumbler of red wine and a folded copy of The Times from 1883. The maid is sliding the tray under the door when it is snatched out of her grasp. MRS PRITCHARD and the maid jump nervously back.)

3. INTERIOR HALLWAY GABRIEL CHASE (DUSK).

(There is a wide hall with a central staircase leading up to a landing, where the stairs split into two sections, going left and right. The front door is opposite the stairs. A door leads off to the drawing room on one side and there are exits which imply corridors leading deeper into the house. In an alcove, a door in the panelling conceals the folding door at the top of the lift shaft. There is a large grandfather clock showing the time to be ten to six. Above the stairs is a large, stained glass window. The wood panelling of the walls conceals compartments behind which the night servants lurk during the day. The door bell is jangling. MRS

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GROSE, the day housekeeper, a homely dumpling of a woman, hurries down the stairs, followed by two maids, and goes across the hall to the front door. She is carrying her shawl and clearly about to leave for the night. She opens the door and the REVEREND ERNEST MATTHEWS barges in. He is a rotund, self-righteous man with a scholarly air, massive sideburns and little time for servants.)

REV MATTHEWS: Tell your master that the Reverend Ernest Matthews has arrived.

(MRS GROSE is flummoxed. She is anxious to get away but he is already taking off his hat and coat and handing them to her.)

Well? This house is Gabriel Chase, is it not?

MRS GROSE: Yes, sir, but... but excuse me sir, as I understood you would not be arriving until this evening.

REV MATTHEWS: My patience has already been sorely tried by the interminable journey from Oxford.

4. INTERIOR UPPER OBSERVATORY.

(The TARDIS materialises in a corner of the room.)

ACE (oov): Professor! Thirty second penalty!

(A large and rather too realistic rocking pony stands beside a bench of old fashioned scientific equipment, glass retorts, flasks of pickled animal and human organs, and other paraphernalia, but it is all muddled up with Victorian toys.)

THE DOCTOR: Just get on with it. It's all part of the initiative test.

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(oov):

(ACE starts to squeeze out from behind the TARDIS.)

ACE: You're still a lousy parker.

(She takes in her surroundings.)

Hey, playtime!

THE DOCTOR Well?

(oov):

ACE: It's a laboratory. Well no, it could be a nursery, but the kids'd have to be pretty advanced. And creepy.

(She starts to examine the paraphernalia.)

THE DOCTOR Be concise.

(oov):

(ACE gleefully picks up one of the toys, a Victorian skating scenario. She pushes a small lever and it immediately bursts into life.)

ACE: It's well safe, Professor!

THE DOCTOR Oh very succinct.

(oov):

ACE: It must be Earth.

(THE DOCTOR comes out of the TARDIS.)

THE DOCTOR: You tell me.

ACE: Well this equipment's prehistoric. I like the toys though.

(She points to the pickled specimens. THE DOCTOR climbs onto the pony and starts it rocking.)

Ugh! Those things are pretty sick. I can't stand dead things. It must be Victorian.

THE DOCTOR: It's a surprise.

5. THE HALLWAY.

(The clock shows a few minutes before six. MRS GROSE emerges from the drawing room. The two maids look at her anxiously.)

MRS GROSE: It's all right my dears. Don't worry. Our day is done. We shan't stay here a moment longer.

(She places her set of keys deliberately on the hall table. She hurries to the front door with the maids. She stops and gives one final, forbidding look back.)

And heaven help anyone who's still here... after dark.

(They go out, closing the door. There is the sound of the key turning in the lock.)

6. UPPER OBSERVATORY.

(ACE is busy playing with one of the toys. One of the eyes on the pony lights up. THE DOCTOR notices it, but says nothing.)

ACE: This isn't a haunted house, is it Professor? I told you I've got this thing about haunted houses.

THE DOCTOR: Did you tell me that?

ACE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: How many have you been in?

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ACE: One was enough. Never again.

7. THE HALLWAY.

(As the clock strikes six, panels open in the wall of the hall. In the alcoves behind stand four grey-faced maids. They slowly start to emerge. Their long skirts swish across the floor in a slow procession as they converge on the stairs.)

8. THE STUDY.

(JOSIAH gets up from his fire-side chair and puts a hand on GWENDOLINE's shoulder.)

JOSIAH: I think you should go and greet our guests, my dear.

9. AN UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR (NIGHT).

(The corridor is lit by oil lamps. There are more stuffed birds, including a Great Auk. Half way along the corridor is a pair of long curtains. Two maids pass through. After they have gone, THE DOCTOR and ACE sneak out of hiding.)

ACE: We used to go to museums on school trips. It was always "don't touch, don't wander off, don't give the school a bad name." We still did it though.

THE DOCTOR: The front door is this way.

(ACE peers at the Great Auk, face to face, only inches from its lethal beak.)

ACE: Hello. What's your name? You got stuffed and it wasn't even Christmas.

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THE DOCTOR: Ace.

(He beckons to her.)

ACE: See you later.

(ACE follows THE DOCTOR, who suddenly sees something on the floor. He hooks ACE's arm with his umbrella and they crouch down over a small silver snuff box on the floor. It bears the initials 'R.F.C'.)

THE DOCTOR: What do you make of that?

ACE: Dunno. Whose initials are R.F.C.?

THE DOCTOR: It's your initiative test.

ACE: So I'm asking the questions. When was the Royal Flying Corps invented?

THE DOCTOR: Ah. The name wasn't thought up until... 1912. I'll get you a badge if you like. Ask me another.

(As he speaks he pulls out a strange device from inside his jacket and extends the aerial on it. The eye of the Great Auk behind them lights up.)

ACE: Well who's R.F.C.?

(She reaches for the box. THE DOCTOR knocks her hand away.)

Professor! I'm only looking.

THE DOCTOR: Looking's one thing...

(He takes a small instrument from his pocket and points it at the box. It crackles like a Geiger counter.)

ACE: It's radioactive.

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THE DOCTOR: Very slightly.

ACE: Is it safe?

THE DOCTOR: There is no safe level.

ACE: Well what about R.F.C.?

(A decorated African spear slides down between them. THE DOCTOR is engrossed and is oblivious to it.)

THE DOCTOR: Well let's hope he abandoned it before he came to any harm.

(ACE notices the spear.)

ACE: Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR looks up and sees the spear.)

THE DOCTOR: A Zulu assegai... quite lethal.

(THE DOCTOR and ACE stand up. Holding the spear is REDVERS FENN-COOPER, an intrepid explorer of about thirty-five, with a heavy suntan and a bushy moustache. He looks exhausted, has a couple of days stubble and his tweeds look slept in. He seems very normal, rational and extremely sane, which is odd, because he isn't a bit. He pokes the box with the spear tip.)

FENN-COOPER: Where did you find it?

THE DOCTOR: Over here. I wouldn't touch it if I were you. This is my... friend Ace and I am the Doctor.

FENN-COOPER: I'm a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

(FENN-COOPER pulls back the spear and shakes THE DOCTOR's hand.)

- THE DOCTOR: Really? So am I. Several times over.
- ACE: Is it your snuff box?
- (FENN-COOPER notices ACE's modern attire and, not used to such immodesty, turns away embarrassed.)*
- FENN-COOPER: Please, young lady, you are barely dressed!
- ACE: Who's undressed?
- (THE DOCTOR moves in front of ACE.)*
- THE DOCTOR: Excuse my young friend, she comes from a less civilised clime.
- ACE: What do you want me to do, wrap up in a curtain?
- THE DOCTOR: Be quiet, noble savage.
- (He turns back to FENN-COOPER.)*
- I'm sure in Central Africa you've seen far grislier sights than Ace's ankle.
- ACE: He can't see my ankles.
- THE DOCTOR: Well your boots then.
- (Again he turns to FENN-COOPER.)*
- You're em... a big game hunter, I take it.
- FENN-COOPER: I am. But I've seen nothing that equals the atrocities that are rumoured about this house.
- ACE: Is this the surprise, Professor? Because I'm not impressed.
- FENN-COOPER: I must say I'm very grateful to find an ally, Doctor.
- THE DOCTOR: You are?
- FENN-COOPER: You have given me the proof I needed.

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THE DOCTOR: The snuff box?

(FENN-COOPER reaches for the box.)

ACE: Don't touch it!

(THE DOCTOR holds her back.)

FENN-COOPER: This is the first substantial evidence I have found.

(He picks up the box.)

I came here to find Redvers Fenn-Cooper, one of the finest explorers in the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: R.F.C.

FENN-COOPER: I just knew he was in this house. I am commanded to find him and save him from the clutches of that blackguard, Josiah Samuel Smith!

(As they move off down the corridor, the light in the Great Auk's eye is extinguished.)

10. THE HALLWAY.

(A maid opens the lift door and stands aside while MRS PRITCHARD gets out. The maid then closes the lift door. MRS PRITCHARD picks up the keys and freezes as REV MATTHEWS emerges from the study.)

REV MATTHEWS: Are you aware that I have been ringing for attention since before six o'clock? I demand to see your master immediately!

(MRS PRITCHARD approaches REV MATTHEWS but does not speak.)

This insolence has gone far enough! If I leave now Madam, Mr Smith will regret the consequences. The

condemnation of the Royal Society can be ruinous.

(There is no response.)

So be it.

GWENDOLINE: Reverend Matthews.

(REV MATTHEWS turns to see GWENDOLINE, who has appeared from the depths of the house.)

You must forgive us for keeping you waiting. I am Mr Smith's ward.

REV MATTHEWS: You are Gwendoline are you not?

GWENDOLINE: Yes, sir. My guardian was most concerned that you'd been kept waiting. But be assured he will join us shortly.

11. THE TROPHY ROOM.

(The room has a number of big game heads and tribal masks hanging on the walls. There is a cabinet filled with guns and rifles. FENN-COOPER leads THE DOCTOR and ACE in as if he owns the place.)

FENN-COOPER: Josiah Smith invited Redvers here. Redvers is his sternest opponent and...

ACE: ... one of the finest explorers in the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: And he hasn't been seen since.

ACE: Perhaps he got lost on the way.

FENN-COOPER: Henry Stanley found Doctor Livingstone. I shall find Redvers Fenn-Cooper.

(THE DOCTOR produces his Geiger counter and, unnoticed, starts to run it over FENN-COOPER. It

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buzzes furiously.)

Damn tsetse flies!

(FENN-COOPER opens the gun cabinet and starts to look through the rifles.)

THE DOCTOR: How long did you say you'd been living in this house?

ACE: Can we go now, Professor? The whole place gives me the creeps.

THE DOCTOR: I thought it might.

ACE: Well, he's a headcase. The house is like a morgue... everything dead.

(FENN-COOPER takes an elephant gun from the cabinet and aims it at them.)

12. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(NIMROD stands by the desk, his back turned, talking on the telephone. He is shortish and squat, with hunched shoulders and very hairy hands.)

NIMROD: Very good, sir. I understand. I shall be with you shortly.

(NIMROD puts the telephone down and turns towards the door in the wall. He is an impeccably dressed and mannered Neanderthal man-servant, with a broad bone ridge above his eyes.)

Poor silent brute.

(As NIMROD turns and exits, an eye peers out from the spyhole in the door.)

CONTROL (oov): Not silent now.

13. THE TROPHY ROOM.

(FENN-COOPER aims the gun at THE DOCTOR and ACE, who stare back across the room.)

FENN-COOPER: Redvers had some stories. The pygmies from the Oluti Forest led him blindfold for three whole days through uncharted jungle. They took him to a swamp full of giant lizards, like giant dinosaurs. Do you know... young Conan Doyle just laughed at him... Hah! Well there's doctors for you.

(THE DOCTOR makes a casual move to inspect the gun.)

THE DOCTOR: That wouldn't be a Chinese fowling piece, would it, by any chance?

(FENN-COOPER raises the gun.)

FENN-COOPER: We're two weeks out from Zanzibar. I must find Redvers.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what else you found.

FENN-COOPER: Nothing.

THE DOCTOR: Describe it. It's all right, I'm a doctor.

FENN-COOPER: Yes, there was... light.

THE DOCTOR: A bright light?

FENN-COOPER: Burning bright, in the heart of the interior. It burnt through my eyes into my mind. It had blazing... radiant... wings!

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(He steps back and starts to aim the gun at THE DOCTOR.)

ACE: Doctor!

(ACE goes for the gun, but FENN-COOPER sidesteps and she misses and flies across a desk. FENN-COOPER starts to back THE DOCTOR against a curtained French window, talking all the while.)

FENN-COOPER: Once when Redvers was in the Congo, he faced a herd of stampeding buffalo head on. He raised his gun and with one single bullet...

(Staring straight into the gun barrel, THE DOCTOR smartly side-steps, pulling the curtains apart, leaving FENN-COOPER staring at his own reflection in the dark window.)

Ah... there you are old chap... Redvers, I've found you. What have they done to you? You look like a ghost.

(He lowers the gun and continues to stare into the glass.)

ACE: Is it really him?

THE DOCTOR: His mind's snapped. He's seen something too big to handle. Snuff out a light. I think we'd better go and get some help.

ACE: That'll blow our cover.

(THE DOCTOR glares at her.)

All right, all right.

(ACE opens the door to find NIMROD and MRS PRITCHARD outside with two maids. They enter.)

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MRS PRITCHARD: Mr Fenn-Cooper, where've you been?

THE DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm the Doctor, and this is my fr...

(MRS PRITCHARD ignores him and continues to address FENN-COOPER.)

MRS PRITCHARD: We've been worried about you.

(FENN-COOPER still stares at his reflection, as MRS PRITCHARD goes over to him, takes away his gun and delves into his pocket. She pulls out the snuff box and puts it in one of the pockets of her dress.)

FENN-COOPER: Poor old Redvers. Poor old chap.

MRS PRITCHARD: Come along.

(MRS PRITCHARD twists FENN-COOPER's arm behind his back and starts to manhandle him out of the room.)

THE DOCTOR: I don't want him hurt.

FENN-COOPER: Oh no, not the interior, please. I don't want to go back to the interior.

ACE: You don't have to twist his arm like that!

(THE DOCTOR quietens ACE. NIMROD looks at THE DOCTOR.)

NIMROD: A most unfortunate mishap, sir. I trust you and the young lady are not hurt. The gentleman has fits of distracted behaviour and must for his own safety be confined.

ACE: She didn't have to hurt him!

(THE DOCTOR pulls ACE back behind him to quieten her.)

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- THE DOCTOR: My friend Ace and I were...
- NIMROD: My master, Mr Smith, asks if you will join our other guest in the drawing room.
- ACE: Professor, is this an asylum with the patients in charge?
- THE DOCTOR: Given a chance it could be bedlam. Er thank you, er...
- NIMROD: Nimrod, sir.
- THE DOCTOR: Nimrod. Thank you, Nimrod. We would be er... delighted.

(THE DOCTOR hands NIMROD his hat and hangs his umbrella on NIMROD'S arm.)

14. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(The room is filled with Victoriana, including a portrait of the Queen which hangs over the fire-place. GWENDOLINE is trying to cope with REV MATTHEWS' interrogation. She nervously twists the chain of the locket.)

- GWENDOLINE: But Uncle Josiah is a good man. And a great naturalist, too. You'll see when you meet him.

(The hall doors open. THE DOCTOR, ACE and NIMROD enter.)

- REV MATTHEWS: Ah, so you finally condescend to meet me, sir. I am grateful for your hospitality.

(THE DOCTOR holds out his hand.)

- THE DOCTOR: How do you do... how nice of you to come.

(REV MATTHEWS meanwhile has caught sight of ACE.)

REV MATTHEWS: Good grief!

THE DOCTOR: This is my friend, Ace.

REV MATTHEWS: I see all the stories about you are true. You have no shred of decency. Even parading your shameless wantons in front of your guests.

ACE: Does he mean me, Professor?

REV MATTHEWS: I have it! This is some experiment related to your mumbo-jumbo theories. Perhaps she'll evolve into a young lady!

ACE: Who are you calling young lady, bogbrain!

THE DOCTOR: No such luck. Quiet Eliza, and be a good girl. I'm making some small talk.

NIMROD: If I might explain, sir...

THE DOCTOR: Ah Nimrod, yes. There's still some tea in the pot if you'd like to go and get a couple of cups, thank you very much.

(He has slipped something into NIMROD's hand. The manservant looks at it in amazement as he leaves the room.)

NIMROD: The fang of a cave bear. A totem of great power.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you Nimrod.

(He hustles NIMROD out of the room. GWENDOLINE comes up.)

GWENDOLINE: Sir, I think Mr Matthews is confused.

THE DOCTOR: Never mind, I'll have him completely bewildered by the time I'm finished.

ACE: I'll help.

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(THE DOCTOR *turns to* GWENDOLINE.)

THE DOCTOR: We've had some trouble with our carriage. And Ace can't go to dinner dressed like this.

ACE: Who says?

THE DOCTOR: So I wonder if you have any appropriate apparel that she may borrow?

GWENDOLINE: Gladly, Professor. Come Alice, you can borrow a dress of mine.

ACE: It's er... Ace, actually. Thanks anyway.

15. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(*Lightning cracks across the pitch black sky above the house.*)

16. THE DRAWING ROOM.

REV MATTHEWS: Now, sir...

THE DOCTOR: Yes, let me guess. My theories appal you, my heresies outrage you, I never answer letters and you don't like my tie.

REV MATTHEWS: You are a worse scoundrel than Darwin.

(*The doors open, JOSIAH enters and flinches at the bright light. His jacket is covered in dust.*)

JOSIAH: Light!

(*At once the lights dim.*)

THE DOCTOR: Josiah Samuel Smith, I take it.

(THE DOCTOR *rubs his hand on* JOSIAH'S *jacket and*

mutters to himself.)

Dust to dust... I am the Doctor. And this is...?

JOSIAH: Reverend Ernest Matthews, Dean of Mortarhouse College, Oxford. Your servant, sirs. Welcome to Gabriel Chase.

REV MATTHEWS: Josiah Smith. Now perhaps you'll account for your theories.

(THE DOCTOR points towards a glass case full of mounted moths and butterflies.)

THE DOCTOR: Fascinating moths.

JOSIAH: I recently made a study of these moths. Even in a single species there can be a wide variation of colouring from countryside to town. I'm certain they are adapting to survive the smoke with which industry is tainting the land.

REV MATTHEWS: Darwinian claptrap!

17. A BEDROOM.

(FENN-COOPER sits on the floor, propped against the wall. He has been put in a straight-jacket. He is terrified. The glare of the lightning flashes through the window. He stares at the snuff box, which lies on the floor nearby. The snuff box lid slowly begins to open by itself, revealing a brilliant white light inside.)

18. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM.

(GWENDOLINE and ACE are behind a screen changing their clothes. They hear FENN-COOPER'S

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scream.)

ACE: Come on. Something's happened.

(GWENDOLINE's head pokes out over the top of the screen.)

GWENDOLINE: Wait. I can't wear this!

ACE: 'course you can!

19. A BEDROOM.

(FENN-COOPER is unable to move as the light from the box fills the whole room. The air pulses with the humming. He screams again.)

20. A CORRIDOR.

(MRS PRITCHARD is trying to force open the door. ACE and GWENDOLINE run up, both in gentlemen's evening dress.)

GWENDOLINE: Mrs Pritchard? What's happening?

(MRS PRITCHARD shows no sign of noticing the girls' clothes.)

MRS PRITCHARD: The door is jammed.

ACE: Here, let me have a try.

(She barges in and tries to force the door. There is another cry from FENN-COOPER. ACE moves back to get a decent swing at the door.)

Okay. Stand back.

(She tries to kick down the door. THE DOCTOR, JOSIAH and NIMROD hurry up.)

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THE DOCTOR: That's no way for a Victorian lady... gentleman to behave!

ACE: I'm no gentleman.

JOSIAH: Gwendoline? This is a metamorphosis.

(GWENDOLINE grins.)

GWENDOLINE: It was Ace's idea!

(JOSIAH stares at ACE.)

JOSIAH: Nimrod, the door.

(NIMROD moves to the door. MRS PRITCHARD pushes the others back. Without warning, the candle she carries flares up in a jet of flame. NIMROD starts to heave his weight against the door. There is a muffled crackling sound.)

THE DOCTOR: Stay back!

(JOSIAH manages to open the door and, as it opens, he howls in pain at the brilliant white light from within.)

Cover your eyes.

(An enormous flash makes even THE DOCTOR blanch.)

21. A BEDROOM.

(NIMROD enters the room, followed immediately by THE DOCTOR. FENN-COOPER is hunched on the floor with his head hidden. NIMROD turns and tries to push THE DOCTOR back.)

NIMROD: I'm sorry, Doctor.

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THE DOCTOR: Redvers. What did you see?

(FENN-COOPER turns slowly and looks up. His hair has gone completely white.)

FENN-COOPER: Poor old Redvers. He was so frightened his hair turned completely white. He went quite mad, you know.

(NIMROD pushes THE DOCTOR away, back to the door where MRS PRITCHARD is holding ACE back.)

NIMROD: You must leave, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: But he may need help.

ACE: What's happened, Professor?

MRS PRITCHARD: This way please.

(MRS PRITCHARD viciously pulls ACE out by her hair.)

ACE: Oow!

(NIMROD closes the door on THE DOCTOR.)

22. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(More lightning flickers across the sky.)

23. THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE DOCTOR: I wanted to see him!

MRS PRITCHARD: Out of the question.

JOSIAH: He will be well taken care of.

ACE: I bet! What was that light? He was so scared of it.

(NIMROD enters.)

NIMROD: Doctor, I can personally assure you Mr Fenn-Cooper is being made comfortable and will come to no harm.

(THE DOCTOR looks NIMROD straight in the eye.)

THE DOCTOR: Only the madman may see the path clearly through the tangled forest.

(NIMROD bows respectfully and produces the tooth that THE DOCTOR had given him.)

NIMROD: You have the wisdom of the greatest elders of my tribe, Doctor.

JOSLAH: Nimrod, you have duties to perform.

NIMROD: Sir.

(He leaves.)

ACE: He's a Neanderthal, isn't he?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, the finest example I've seen this side of the Stone Age.

24. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(NIMROD enters and crosses to the desk. He presses some buttons and the curtains rise to reveal a stone machine console with a slab top. On the wall beyond is the circular membrane of a large insect cell, inside which moves a restless alien shadow. NIMROD bows before it and reverently passes his hands over different coloured crystal rods set in the slab. As the energy flow starts to pulse to a low beat, the curtains behind NIMROD start to move. Something pushes aside the curtain and moves forward, lumbering up

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behind NIMROD at his machine. A heavy stick shatters across NIMROD's skull. He collapses. A husky, genderless voice speaks from within the cell.)

CONTROL (oov): Did that hurt? Good!

25. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(JOSIAH sits at the top of the table with GWENDOLINE next to him on one side, THE DOCTOR and ACE on the other and REV MATTHEWS at the far end. MRS PRITCHARD is in attendance with two maids.)

ACE: I still haven't worked out where this place is.

(REV MATTHEWS ignores this and addresses JOSIAH.)

REV MATTHEWS: And I am still waiting for an explanation of your blasphemous theories.

ACE: What theories?

THE DOCTOR: Darwin's theories, that turned nineteenth century science on its head.

(REV MATTHEWS gets to his feet.)

ACE: Oh, is there a free lecture thrown in with dinner?

THE DOCTOR: Sermons are his speciality.

ACE: Do we take notes?

(THE DOCTOR puts a finger to his lips to quieten ACE.)

REV MATTHEWS: Mr Smith disputes man's rightful dominion over the forces of nature.

JOSIAH: I hope you have a taste for calf's brains, Doctor.

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REV MATTHEWS: Instead, he maintains that mankind itself should adapt to serve nature or become extinct!

(He waits for an explosion of disapproval.)

JOSIAH: Well, sir...

(A telephone rings in the study next door. THE DOCTOR smiles.)

Ah. Pray excuse me, sir.

(He rises and leaves the room.)

REV MATTHEWS: Infernal telephonic machines.

ACE: Let's ring out for a take-away. Anyone fancy a curry?

THE DOCTOR: I know a nice little restaurant on the Khyber Pass.

26. THE STUDY.

(The telephone rings. JOSIAH enters and picks up the receiver.)

JOSIAH: Nimrod? What's going on? I told you not to ring me now. Nimrod... are you there?

(CONTROL, husky and deliberate, is on the other end of the line.)

CONTROL (oov): I escape!

JOSIAH: It's learned to speak!

(JOSIAH slams down the telephone angrily and turns round. He is face to face with THE DOCTOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Having trouble with your connections? Perhaps I can help.

(ACE shouts from the hall, clearly very angry.)

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ACE (oov): Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: On the other hand, I have an emergency of my own.

*(THE DOCTOR hurries out, almost colliding with
MRS PRITCHARD, who is on the way in.)*

Excuse me. Time to emerge.

JOSIAH: Mrs Pritchard, a problem has arisen. Ask Ernest Matthews to join me in here.

MRS PRITCHARD: Yes, sir.

JOSIAH: Then no one is to disturb us.

27. THE HALLWAY.

(ACE stands at the foot of the stairs.)

ACE: Doctor! Doctor! Where are you? I want to talk to you!

(THE DOCTOR dashes up.)

THE DOCTOR: Ace, what's the matter?

(ACE is livid.)

ACE: Face-ache Matthews in there says this house is Gabriel Chase!

THE DOCTOR: So?

ACE: It was all falling down last time I saw it in 1983! You tricked me! This is Perivale!

*(Two of the maids come out of the drawing room.
ACE runs off up the stairs.)*

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(He hurries after her.)

28. THE TROPHY ROOM.

(ACE stand alone, almost in tears and desperately angry. THE DOCTOR comes in quietly behind her.)

THE DOCTOR: Ace.

(ACE tenses, refusing to turn and look at him.)

ACE: It's true, isn't it? This is the house I told you about.

THE DOCTOR: When you were thirteen, you climbed over the wall for a dare. .

ACE: That's your surprise, isn't it? Bringing me back here.

THE DOCTOR: Remind me what it was that you sensed... when you entered this deserted house. An aura of intense evil?

ACE: Don't you have things you hate?

THE DOCTOR: I can't stand burnt toast, I loathe bus stations. Terrible places, full of lost luggage and lost souls.

ACE: I told you I never wanted to come back here again.

THE DOCTOR: And then there's unrequited love and tyranny and cruelty...

ACE: Too right.

THE DOCTOR: We all have a universe of our own terrors to face.

ACE: I face mine on my own terms.

THE DOCTOR: But don't you want to know what happened here?

ACE: No!

THE DOCTOR: But you've learned something you didn't recognise

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when you were thirteen.

ACE: Like what?

THE DOCTOR: The nature of the horror that you sensed here.

ACE: It's alien.

29. THE STUDY.

(REV MATTHEWS enters with MRS PRITCHARD behind him. JOSIAH is standing by the fireplace.)

JOSIAH: Ernest. Pray sit down.

(REV MATTHEWS comes warily forward and sits in a chair opposite JOSIAH.)

I am afraid that something unforeseen awaits my attention. I shall have to ask you to indulge me a little further.

REV MATTHEWS: Having come so far sir, I have no intention of leaving until I have gained full satisfaction.

JOSIAH: Then we are in accord. Mrs Pritchard, see to it that the Dean's time passes as quickly as possible.

MRS PRITCHARD: Very good, sir.

(From behind REV MATTHEWS, MRS PRITCHARD's hand clamps a handkerchief over his face. He struggles for a brief moment before losing consciousness.)

30. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(GWENDOLINE, seated at the piano, is singing and playing a suitably ironic Victorian parlour song.)

GWENDOLINE: That's the way to the zoo,
That's the way to the zoo,
The monkey house is nearly full,
But there's room enough for you,
Take a bus to Regent's Park,
Make haste before it shuts,
Next Monday I will come,
And bring you such a lot of nuts.

31. THE TROPHY ROOM.

THE DOCTOR: Come back to dinner, Ace.

(ACE is silent. THE DOCTOR turns to leave.)

ACE: When I lived in Perivale, me and my best mate, we
dossed around together. We'd out-dare each other on
things. Skiving off. Stupid things. Then they burnt
out Manesha's flat. White kids fire-bombed it... I
didn't care any more.

THE DOCTOR: I think you cared a lot, Ace.

ACE: That's when I came over the wall to the house. This
house. I was so mad and I... needed to get away. It
was empty, all overgrown and falling down. No one
came here. But when I got inside, it... it was even
worse. I... I didn't know then... it was horrible...

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what you saw.

*(The door opens and JOSIAH enters. From the
drawing room comes the sound of music. ACE
clams up.)*

JOSIAH: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Tell me, Ace.

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ACE: Excuse me.

(ACE runs out, leaving THE DOCTOR very frustrated stuck with JOSIAH.)

JOSIAH: I must speak with you.

32. THE HALLWAY.

(ACE races down the stairs and, as she heads round beside the staircase, she sees the open door in the panelling, revealing the lift. MRS PRITCHARD watches with an evil smile on her face. ACE goes inside and shuts the door. Pressing buttons expectantly, she looks up as the lift motors engage and it starts to descend.)

33. THE TROPHY ROOM.

JOSIAH: I need your help, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. It can't be easy being so far away from home. Struggling to adapt to an alien environment.

JOSIAH: My roots are in this house. I'm as human as you are.

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

JOSIAH: I am afflicted with an enemy. A vile and base creature pitted against me. It's waiting for me now. I believe that you can assist me in defeating it.

(JOSIAH holds out some sort of bank draft.)

THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested in money. How much?

JOSIAH: £5,000 to rid me of the evil brute.

(THE DOCTOR whistles in amazement.)

THE DOCTOR: Now that's what I call Victorian value. But I'm still not interested in money.

34. INTERIOR THE LIFT.

(The lift is travelling down with ACE inside. She is frightened. It jolts to a halt. ACE warily opens the door.)

35. THE HALLWAY.

(MRS PRITCHARD looks at the open door in the panelling. She listens to the lift doors open down below. She smiles and presses a button that closes the door.)

36. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(ACE comes out of the lift and moves along the tunnel. Behind her, the lift door slides shut with a clunk. ACE runs back and tries to open the door, but it remains closed. She turns and goes down the tunnel. The cell door is closing as ACE enters and takes in her surroundings. NIMROD is lying unconscious by the stone console. As ACE bends over him, the door creaks. She hears the husky, rough velvet, genderless voice of CONTROL behind the door.)

CONTROL (oov): There's a new scent in the dark. Listen. Warming... pulsing... racing blood.

(A curtain slowly draws open to reveal two stuffed alien creatures - the Husks. Both are grotesquely

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devolved: bipedal, but with bleached white heads. One is reptile-like, the other is insect-like, with a mass of globular eyes. Both of them wear Victorian-style suits like the one JOSIAH wears. ACE backs away from them.)

Ratkin!

(ACE jumps at the sound of a bird's wings fluttering. A bird cries out, but the stuffed birds don't move. This is ACE's worst nightmare. The one she faces on her terms, not someone else's. CONTROL continues to whisper from its cell.)

Ratkin! Ratkin!

(The husks start to move in choreographic unison towards ACE.)

EPISODE TWO

1. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(ACE comes out of the lift and moves along the tunnel. Behind her, the lift door slides shut with a clunk. ACE runs back and tries to open the door, but it remains closed. She turns and goes down the tunnel. The cell door is closing as ACE enters and takes in her surroundings. NIMROD is unconscious, propped against the wall by the stone console. As ACE bends over him, the door creaks. She hears the husky, rough velvet, genderless voice of CONTROL behind the door.)

CONTROL (oov): There's a new scent in the dark. Listen. Warming... pulsing... racing blood.

(A curtain slowly draws open to reveal two stuffed alien creatures - the Husks. Both are grotesquely devolved: bipedal, but with bleached white heads. One is reptile-like, the other is insect-like, with a mass of globular eyes. Both of them wear Victorian-style suits like the one JOSIAH wears. ACE backs away from them.)

Ratkin!

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Ratkin! Ratkin!

(The husks start to move in choreographic unison towards ACE.)

2. THE STUDY.

(GWENDOLINE enters the room, and from another door THE DOCTOR slips furtively into the study and watches her. GWENDOLINE goes to a chest of drawers and begins to open them. The top drawer contains mounted butterflies, the next contains beetles, the bottom one the body of a policeman. THE DOCTOR quietly joins GWENDOLINE. She looks at him but does not react.)

THE DOCTOR: Beetles and blue-bottles.

(They gaze down at the body of POLICE INSPECTOR MACKENZIE of Scotland Yard: handlebar moustache, boots and all. His tweed cape is spread open like wings.)

GWENDOLINE: It's one of my favourites in the whole collection. It's from Java.

THE DOCTOR: Java?

GWENDOLINE: The Reverend Ernest Matthews'll be leaving for Java soon. Perhaps he will see my father.

THE DOCTOR: Your father? Is he there?

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GWENDOLINE: Uncle Josiah sent him there. After he saw what was in the cellar.

3. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(CONTROL's eye watches from the spyhole in the door.)

CONTROL (oov): Fetch Ratkin nearer. Move! Fetch... Ratkin... nearer!

(The husks manoeuvre ACE in front of the door. She braces herself as the door starts to creak open to reveal darkness inside. Suddenly NIMROD leaps up, slamming the door shut and ramming home the bolt. CONTROL screams in fury. NIMROD grabs a hurricane lamp and swings it at the husks.)

NIMROD: Get back! Back!

(As the husks cower from NIMROD, ACE breaks free. She sees a stick on the floor and scoops it up. The husks have been driven back towards the cell door. NIMROD moves to join ACE, watching the husks all the time.)

Are you hurt, miss?

(ACE eyes NIMROD warily and clutches the bone. She is very frightened.)

ACE: They don't like the flame, do they?

CONTROL (oov): Door must open!

NIMROD: You must leave the chamber now.

CONTROL (oov): Open door. Quickly, quickly!

(The first husk starts to push at the door's bolt.)

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- ACE: It's getting out. Give me that!
(She lunges for the lamp, but NIMROD snatches it out of her reach.)
- NIMROD: Stay calm. Follow me to the tunnel. While we have the lamp we're safe.
(The lamp gutters out.)
- CONTROL (oov): No more lamp.
(ACE and NIMROD exchange worried glances. The second husk starts to move to the tunnel entrance. With ACE following, NIMROD advances, thrusting the lamp forward at the second husk. But the first husk lashes the lamp from NIMROD's hand. The lamp smashes on the floor and the lumbering husks close on ACE and NIMROD.)
Stop Ratkin!
(ACE lifts the stick as a weapon.)
- ACE: I'll sort you lot out!
(ACE attacks the nearest husk with the stick.)

4. THE HALLWAY.

(As THE DOCTOR enters, JOSIAH descends the stairs.)

- THE DOCTOR: Josiah! Where's Ace?
- JOSIAH: How should I know? Have you considered my offer, Doctor?
- THE DOCTOR: What, to murder your enemy? I'm not your pet executioner. Ace is in trouble.

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JOSIAH: Be careful, Doctor. To cross me could be a serious error.

(MRS PRITCHARD and the maids are by the lift, their backs towards THE DOCTOR. MRS PRITCHARD moves forward, all sweetness and smarm.)

MRS PRITCHARD: Miss Ace has already retired to bed, sir. Come, I will show you.

(GWENDOLINE steps up with a candle.)

GWENDOLINE: Here Doctor, to light you to bed. Sleep well. Goodnight.

THE DOCTOR: Goodnight...sleep tight... up the wooden hill to Bedfordshire, otherwise known as Java! Well not tonight, *Josiah*-phine!

(He blows out the candle.)

Your puppet show doesn't fool me. Sorry to spoil your big game hunt but Ace needs my...

(The maids turn round, each holding a gun.)

... help!

5. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(The husks cluster at the cell door. ACE holds up the stick and threatens the membrane.)

ACE: Let us go or I'll smash it!

(CONTROL starts to wail. NIMROD reaches to take the stick away.)

NIMROD: Give it to me. You are profaning the Temple of Light.

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ACE: I'll profane you in a minute! And shut that thing up!

(NIMROD starts to edge closer to ACE.)

NIMROD: You are afraid and do not understand. The sleeping one must not be woken.

(He grabs at the stick. ACE resists. They struggle together. With a lurch, ACE swings the stick back, NIMROD falls after her and the stick ruptures the membrane. There is a sudden blast of steam.)

6. THE HALLWAY.

(Alien alarms start to sound. The stained glass window above the stairs flickers into light like the stone console in the chamber below. The maids lower their guns, staring about in confusion.)

JOSIAH: The fool! What's it done?

(THE DOCTOR grabs JOSIAH and, holding his Geiger counter as if it is a weapon, drags him into the lift.)

THE DOCTOR: Right, Josiah. Let's go down the rabbit hole. Get that lift. Open these doors... quickly!

(MRS PRITCHARD stares in horror, powerless to intervene.)

7. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(ACE lies on the floor some way from where she was caught by the blast. She looks up. A jet of steam shoots across the chamber from a vent, like an emission from some ancient engine.)

ACE:

Steam power?

(The husks lie collapsed nearby. The crystal console glows with energy and beyond it the insect cell pulses with light from inside. The occupant's shadow moves restlessly on the membrane. Kneeling before the cell is NIMROD, staring up at the shadow. He does not move. ACE approaches NIMROD.)

Oi Tarzan... Nimrod, what's happening? Nimrod?

8. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(A flash of lightning illuminates the house.)

9. THE ACCESS TUNNEL TO THE LOWER LABORATORY.

(THE DOCTOR and JOSIAH lurk in the tunnel by the lift, watching the lights from the chamber. JOSIAH is in front, as THE DOCTOR points the crackling Geiger counter at him like a gun.)

JOSIAH:

Light...

THE DOCTOR:

...at the end of the tunnel. Get a move on.

(They start to move, but a figure staggers into view, silhouetted against the glare. JOSIAH recoils, but THE DOCTOR moves ahead, keeping the 'gun' pointed at JOSIAH.)

Ace!

(ACE hugs THE DOCTOR.)

ACE:

Doctor! Where've you been?

THE DOCTOR:

Where haven't I been... I came as quick as I could!

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(JOSIAH grabs ACE.)

JOSIAH: What have you done to my observatory?

ACE: Get off! It's what it nearly did to me!

THE DOCTOR: Ace, you haven't been tampering?

ACE: It was an accident!

JOSIAH: All my work could be ruined!

THE DOCTOR: That's my girl.

ACE: Oh come on Professor, let's get out of this madhouse.

THE DOCTOR: No. Keep him covered.

(He hands her the 'gun'.)

ACE: But...

(ACE starts to argue, but is silenced by THE DOCTOR. He picks the 'gun' out of her hands, turns it round, puts it back in her hands the right way up and marches into the main chamber. ACE realises THE DOCTOR's bluff and motions JOSIAH to follow THE DOCTOR.)

Move it, you.

10. THE HALLWAY.

(The maids stand in ranks by the lift with MRS PRITCHARD at their head. They just stare. The sound of sobbing attracts the housekeeper's bird-like attention. Her head darts round and she leaves her place. GWENDOLINE sits alone on the stairs, trying to stifle her tears. MRS PRITCHARD looks coldly down at her, with the maids behind.)

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GWENDOLINE: Why did father go to Java and leave me? And where is mamma? I try and try, but I can't understand.

MRS PRITCHARD: That is a wicked thing to say. Wicked! Your mother would be ashamed if she could hear you. Sitting there, dressed like a music hall trollop. It's this Doctor filling your head with his ideas.

11. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(THE DOCTOR pushes a crystal rod into the console. Another jet of steam erupts from the wall and THE DOCTOR places a heavy pot to catch and cut off the steam. ACE and JOSIAH are just behind. JOSIAH shades his eyes against the glare and, looking desperate, starts to move towards the console. ACE blocks him with her 'gun'.)

ACE: Don't try anything.

THE DOCTOR: Oh... not a patch on the Flying Scotsman.

JOSIAH: Nimrod! Get up, you fool! It's got to be stopped!

(THE DOCTOR examines NIMROD, but NIMROD does not respond.)

THE DOCTOR: Better not to move him.

(ACE points at the membrane.)

ACE: He fell against that thing.

THE DOCTOR: And disturbed whatever's hibernating inside.

JOSIAH: Don't touch it!

ACE: You're scared of it too. Just like the others.

THE DOCTOR: Because you know what's in there, don't you Josiah?

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- JOSIAH: There's an energy escape! I must stop it!
- THE DOCTOR: Oh don't worry. I always leave things 'til the last moment.
- (He peers at the husks.)*
- These husks. Old cast-offs of yours, I take it.
- ACE: They attacked Nimrod and me.
- JOSIAH: You're insane! If the membrane is broken...
- THE DOCTOR: Yes?
- (JOSIAH clams up. Suddenly, however, the screen lights up with complex mathematical formulae.)*
- ACE: Oh, what!
- (While THE DOCTOR and ACE's attention is taken by the screen, JOSIAH reaches towards the desk.)*
- THE DOCTOR: Genetic codes.
- ACE: D.N.A.
- THE DOCTOR: You've done a lot of exploring in here, haven't you, Josiah?
- ACE: This is a stone spaceship!
- (JOSIAH pulls a gun from the desk drawer.)*
- THE DOCTOR: Yes. And the real owner won't be pleased when it wakes up.
- JOSIAH: I am the real owner.
- THE DOCTOR: Oh no you're not. You're just part of the cargo.
- (JOSIAH aims the gun at THE DOCTOR.)*
- JOSIAH: You're so smug and self-satisfied, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I try.

(ACE raises the Geiger counter.)

ACE: Drop it.

JOSIAH: I'm not a simpleton, that device is a radiation detector, not a gun.

(THE DOCTOR takes the Geiger counter from ACE and puts it back in his jacket.)

You're going to help me stabilise the energy loss or most of southern England goes up in a firestorm.

(From the spyhole, CONTROL can see JOSIAH by the main console, aiming his gun at THE DOCTOR and ACE.)

CONTROL (oov): Help me free!

JOSIAH: Drive in the crystal rods when I instruct you.

(CONTROL's eye watches through the spyhole. The door begins to push against the bolt that only half holds it.)

ACE: After this I'll get a job at Sellafield. It'll be safer.

THE DOCTOR: Just do what I do when I do it.

ACE: Oh very helpful.

JOSIAH: Lower the first rod.

THE DOCTOR: Oh dear, oh dear! Skeletons in the cupboard. Husks in the cellar.

ACE: Bats in the belfry.

(JOSIAH raises his gun.)

JOSIAH: Do it!

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THE DOCTOR: Now, now, don't shout. You'll never evolve into a nice Victorian gentleman if you shout.

ACE: Did those husks really used to be him?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, not much improvement on a reptile, is he?

(THE DOCTOR and ACE both laugh.)

JOSIAH: I said do it! Now!

THE DOCTOR: Now!

(THE DOCTOR and ACE push all the rods into the console as fast as they can. The ship roars. THE DOCTOR knocks the pot from the wall and a whoosh of steam engulfs JOSIAH, who falls to the floor, dropping the gun. The power dies and the lights dim. JOSIAH grovels for the gun, but ACE scoops it up before he can reach it.)

Well, I think congratulations are in order.

ACE: Congratulations... maybe not.

(She is staring at the door of CONTROL's cell, which is hanging open. The lights dim further. The husks begins to stir.)

Professor. The husks!

CONTROL (oov): Give me freeness!

ACE: The husks!

THE DOCTOR: Get Nimrod.

(He and ACE grab NIMROD and carry him towards the tunnel and the lift. JOSIAH follows.)

CONTROL (oov): I want freeness. Control needs freeness now!

12. THE LIFT.

CONTROL (oov): Help me be like you.

ACE: Quick Doctor. Look out!

(With a scream, CONTROL's white gloved hand comes round the side of the door and lashes at them. JOSIAH heaves himself at the door and ACE joins him, fighting to close it. CONTROL grabs ACE by the arm and THE DOCTOR struggles to free her.)

CONTROL (oov): Give me my freeness!

(THE DOCTOR takes the tip of one of CONTROL's gloved fingers and shakes it.)

THE DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Ace.

ACE: Just call me Ratkin!

(CONTROL suddenly whines.)

CONTROL (oov): Agh, poor Control. No way up. No escaping. No hoping.

JOSIAH: Don't listen to it. It's a depraved monstrosity!

THE DOCTOR: Depraved or deprived? There, there Control. There, there. Now...

(He looks from JOSIAH to CONTROL.)

... which of you is the Jekyll and which is the Hyde?

CONTROL (oov): Spare a farthing, guvnor. Pity poor Control. Locked away. All on 'lone.

JOSIAH: Fiend!

(He slams his fist into CONTROL's hand. It pulls

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back shrieking. ACE slams the doors shut. JOSIAH savagely twists the lift handle and the lift starts to ascend. As CONTROL's howls grow fainter, JOSIAH sinks to the floor and groans.)

13. THE HALLWAY.

(The lift mechanism is clanking. The maids wait in their serried ranks.)

MRS PRITCHARD: They're coming. It's almost first light.

14. THE LIFT.

(JOSIAH is slumped on the floor. THE DOCTOR and ACE crouch beside him.)

ACE: He's getting weaker.

THE DOCTOR: He's had a hard day's night. He's evolving again... into his next stage.

15. THE HALLWAY.

(The lift door opens. JOSIAH still lies on the floor. THE DOCTOR and ACE stand as they face the raised guns of the maids. JOSIAH drags himself up and pulls away the control lever from the wall of the lift.)

JOSIAH: I've sealed the Lower Observatory. Let Control rot down there.

(He stumbles. The maids cluster to support him.)

MRS PRITCHARD: You are ill, sir.

(JOSIAH responds feverishly.)

JOSIAH: It's getting light. Secure the house. I must change.

MRS PRITCHARD: Take him to the upper observatory.

(The maids and MRS PRITCHARD carry JOSIAH away as GWENDOLINE approaches.)

GWENDOLINE: Uncle...

THE DOCTOR: You won't see them 'til nightfall.

ACE: Shouldn't we follow them? What about Josiah?

THE DOCTOR: He sounded a little husky.

ACE: Ha ha. You mean he's changing into one of those things.

THE DOCTOR: Ha, ha ... yes.

16. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE (DAWN).

(The first light of early dawn surrounds the house.)

17. THE UPPER OBSERVATORY.

(REV MATTHEWS is sitting asleep in a high-backed chair. JOSIAH is seated in a similar chair, exhausted and ill-looking, his skin pale and flaking. JOSIAH is holding a revolver. He levels it, aims and fires. The bullet splinters into a target across the room - a small portrait of Queen Victoria with target circles drawn on it. The sound of the shot awakens REV MATTHEWS. He opens his eyes, blinking, quite unperturbed by his surroundings.)

REV MATTHEWS: So... here you are at last. Haven't I been kept waiting long enough?

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(JOSIAH smiles and dabs his mouth with a handkerchief.)

JOSIAH: Reverend Matthews.

REV MATTHEWS: I perceive you are a sick man, sir. Divine retribution for your blasphemy, perhaps?

JOSIAH: It will pass.

REV MATTHEWS: And so will your unholy theories of evolution. Ha! It is a complete absurdity that the line of my ancestors can be traced back to a... a protoplasmic globule!

JOSIAH: Please go on.

(JOSIAH pushes a silver basket filled with fruit across the table between them.)

REV MATTHEWS: Man has been the same sir, since he stood in the Garden of Eden.

(He helps himself to a banana and automatically starts to peel it.)

And he was never, ever a chattering, gibbering ape!

(He impulsively chomps on the banana. JOSIAH starts to wheeze with laughter. REV MATTHEWS, his mouth full, does not share the joke.)

What are you laughing at? Devil take you, why are you laughing?

(He suddenly notices his hands. They are covered in fur.)

18. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(NIMROD lies on the sofa. THE DOCTOR crouches

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beside him, ACE reads a dictionary and GWENDOLINE watches.)

GWENDOLINE: Can Nimrod be woken now?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, don't rush me, Gwendoline. The sun has got its hat on and we've got all day before Uncle Josiah dare show his face.

(ACE looks up from the dictionary.)

ACE: Professor. Josiah's... lucifugous.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, and he doesn't like light either.

(ACE gives a dry laugh. Unseen, GWENDOLINE has moved away to gaze out of the windows, running her hands over the panes, trying to find a way out.)

ACE: What about the spaceship in the cellar? It's knackered, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I fixed it. Uncle Josiah knows as much about its secrets as a hamburger knows about the Amazon Desert.

ACE: Sounds a bit like you and the TARDIS.

(GWENDOLINE panics, fluttering at the window. She is terrified.)

GWENDOLINE: Light!

(She turns from the light and runs from the room.)

THE DOCTOR: Let her go.

(ACE slumps exhausted into an armchair.)

Come one Ace, I've only just started.

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(She groans.)

Now there's one thing you haven't told me.

(He paces the room.)

What was it that frightened you so much, when you went to this house in a hundred years time?

(He turns to look at ACE, but she has fallen asleep.)

19. THE UPPER OBSERVATORY.

(REV MATTHEWS crouches in his chair, terrified out of his wits. A few discarded banana skins are strewn over him. JOSIAH's skin is becoming more and more husk-like. GWENDOLINE enters.)

JOSIAH: Gwendoline, come here, dear child.

(GWENDOLINE kneels beside him.)

GWENDOLINE: Are you unwell?

(Making sure REV MATTHEWS can see, JOSIAH strokes GWENDOLINE's face with the back of his hand.)

JOSIAH: Sick at heart, my dear. Soon I shall restore the blighted British Empire to its full power and vigour.

(REV MATTHEWS is deeply shocked by this behaviour.)

REV MATTHEWS: You're no better than animals. Ook! Ook!

(He covers his mouth in shame at his inadvertent simian utterance.)

JOSIAH: The Reverend makes such a tedious toy, don't you

think?

(GWENDOLINE smiles so innocently as she takes a dainty handkerchief from her sleeve and folds it into a pad.)

GWENDOLINE: Dear Uncle.

JOSIAH: We're so glad he has to go.

(GWENDOLINE rises, clearly enjoying the game. REV MATTHEWS cowers.)

GWENDOLINE: And where is he going?

(JOSIAH hands GWENDOLINE a bottle.)

JOSIAH: To Java!

(GWENDOLINE advances towards REV MATTHEWS like a ministering angel, serenely dabbing the contents of the bottle onto the handkerchief. She brings it down to cover REV MATTHEWS' mouth.)

20. THE STUDY.

(THE DOCTOR hauls out the drawer containing INSPECTOR MACKENZIE and studies the preserved policeman.)

THE DOCTOR: Time to call out the constabulary.

(He snap his fingers, attempting to wake INSPECTOR MACKENZIE)

Now Inspector, perhaps you can assist us with our enquiries.

(He snaps his fingers again and MACKENZIE blinks.)

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21. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE (AFTERNOON).

(The house is now bathed in afternoon sunshine.)

22. INTERIOR GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM.

(Sunlight streams in between the curtains. ACE opens her eyes. She is in bed, wearing a long nightdress. MRS GROSE, in a mopcap and apron, stands at the foot of the bed with a tray of food.)

ACE: Hello.

MRS GROSE: The Doctor said you'd be fair famished when you woke up. So here's scrambled egg, hot buttered toast, kedgerree, kidney, sausage and bacon.

(She places the tray in front of ACE.)

ACE: Cholesterol City.

MRS GROSE: Oh no, dear. Perivale Village.

(ACE picks at her food.)

Properly exhausted you were when I put you to bed. Oh yes, and there's a message: Would you join the Doctor and the police-gentleman in the drawing room.

ACE: Police?

(MRS GROSE takes a pretty summer dress from the wardrobe and hangs it up.)

MRS GROSE: It's high time they were called. I've said as much to my 'usband, Mr Grose.

ACE: Oh, I think I'll give that a miss, actually. I want to have a walk round Perivale Village before lunch. Is

there a blacksmith on the village green?

MRS GROSE: Mercy me no, dearie. There's only seven houses! Besides, you've missed lunch. Why, it must be all of five o'clock by now.

ACE: What!

MRS GROSE: Yes, almost evening. Now we must hurry. No one in their right mind stays in this house... after dark.

23. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR is trying to wake up NIMROD.)

THE DOCTOR: Snap out of it, Nimrod. If I didn't know better, I'd say this was deliberate. Ten minutes was all it took to wake up the most sophisticated, civilised Police Inspector.

(The door opens and INSPECTOR MACKENZIE blusters in holding a half-eaten beef sandwich.)

MACKENZIE: Ah, you say this house is owned by Josiah Samuel Smith?

THE DOCTOR: I didn't say owned, I said inhabited.

MACKENZIE: Oh, then where is he? This whole house is deserted.

THE DOCTOR: He will appear.

(MACKENZIE eyes NIMROD suspiciously.)

MACKENZIE: Oh, I suppose this must be the manservant. Nasty looking customer. Must be a foreigner.

THE DOCTOR: Neanderthal.

MACKENZIE: Gypsy blood, I can see it in him. Lazy workers. What's this one playing up over? Oh, beg your

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pardon.

(MACKENZIE has managed to spit some of his sandwich on THE DOCTOR's jacket. He tries unsuccessfully to wipe it away, but simply makes matters worse.)

THE DOCTOR: He's mesmerised.

MACKENZIE: No self-control, these Mediterraneans. Too excitable. Nasty tempers, too.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, especially when roused.

24. THE HALLWAY.

(Something is struggling inside the lift shaft. It grunts and groans and scrabbles. Suddenly CONTROL's gloved hand comes up from under the lift.)

CONTROL (oov): Control. Be free to change.

25. THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE DOCTOR: Since I awoke you, you have consumed three English breakfasts, two elevenses and one four-course meal. Why don't you go and get Mrs Grose to make you some afternoon tea?

MACKENZIE: She's hiding facts from me. And so are you. And if you don't tell me where the rest of the household is, I shall arrest you for obstructing my enquiries.

(The door opens and ACE enters, wearing the Victorian dress.)

ACE: Professor, you could have woken me sooner.

THE DOCTOR: This is Inspector Mackenzie from Scotland Yard. He

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was sent here in 1881 to investigate the disappearance of the owner, Sir George Pritchard.

ACE: But that was two years ago!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, he's been in Josiah's cupboard ever since. Preserved. Hypnotised. Humour him.

ACE: Preserved?

(She turns to MACKENZIE.)

THE DOCTOR: Inspector, this is my friend Ace.

ACE: Hello. All right?

THE DOCTOR: I like the dress.

MACKENZIE: Perhaps you can tell me where Lady Pritchard is, miss.

ACE: Oh you mean the old bag, the housekeeper?

MACKENZIE: I gather you live in Perivale Village.

ACE: Well, I'll be moving to the area... sometime.

(She looks at THE DOCTOR.)

How's Tarzan?

THE DOCTOR: Still no change. Still out like a light.

(NIMROD's eyes flicker at the word 'light'. THE DOCTOR notices this and bends close to NIMROD's ear.)

Light!

(NIMROD's eyes open. His hand shoots out and grabs ACE's arm.)

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26. *THE HALLWAY.*

(CONTROL's shadow lurks against the drawing room door, listening to the sounds of the voices inside. Its gloved hand rests against the panelling. THE DOCTOR's voice can be heard coming from the drawing room.)

THE DOCTOR
(oov):

The fang of the cave bear calls you, Nimrod. Tell me your tale.

27. *THE DRAWING ROOM.*

(ACE, THE DOCTOR and MACKENZIE stare silently as NIMROD begins to speak, as if in a trance. THE DOCTOR puts the bear tooth into NIMROD's hand.)

NIMROD:

At the season when the ice floods swamped the pasture lands, we herded the mammoths sunwards to find new grazing.

THE DOCTOR:

Tricky things, mammoths.

NIMROD:

The wise men cast bones to make hunting magic and spoke with the voice of the Burning One.

ACE:

Is this a race memory?

THE DOCTOR:

No, these are his own experiences.

NIMROD:

Now the wild world is lost... in a desert of smoke and straight lines. There is smoke...

28. *THE HALLWAY.*

(CONTROL breaks free from the door and heads back towards the lift.)

29. THE DRAWING ROOM.

NIMROD: ...but light will return.

30. THE HALLWAY.

(CONTROL gets into the lift.)

CONTROL: Light will return.

(The drawing room doors open. THE DOCTOR comes out followed by MACKENZIE and ACE.)

MACKENZIE: This madhouse needs one more good going over.

THE DOCTOR: Good idea. But try and be back by six.

(ACE sees the lift door closing.)

ACE: Professor. Look!

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

MACKENZIE: Why?

THE DOCTOR: Well around here, the forces of darkness don't wait until midnight to appear!

(THE DOCTOR leaves MACKENZIE standing on the stairs, totally bemused. ACE nods towards the lift.)

ACE: Professor!

THE DOCTOR: I know.

ACE: I thought the lift was broken.

THE DOCTOR: I mended it.

(THE DOCTOR suddenly raises his voice.)

It's very clever, climbing up the lift shaft. But I had hoped the Control creature might bring something

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with it. And for that it will need the lift!*

(THE DOCTOR heads for the drawing room with ACE in pursuit.)

ACE: Professor! What's going on?

31. THE DRAWING ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR enters followed by ACE.)

ACE: Professor!

THE DOCTOR: Quiet! Josiah Samuel Smith and Control are frightened of it. Redvers Fenn-Cooper saw it and lost his mind. Nimrod, he worships it.

ACE: Let there be light?

THE DOCTOR: It's asleep down there in its spaceship. And Josiah doesn't want it awoken.

ACE: Well, maybe that's a good idea. Maybe it should be left alone. Professor, just this once...

THE DOCTOR: It's very, very old. Perhaps even older. Just one chat.

ACE: Professor... where's Nimrod?

THE DOCTOR: Gone to see a man about a God.

(THE DOCTOR hears a slight sound and turns round. He goes over and opens the top drawer of the cabinet. Amongst the preserved specimens, beetles and cockroaches are scurrying around and moths are beginning to flutter.)

ACE: Ugh! They're alive!

*FOOTNOTE: The sound of the lift mechanism engaging with a clunk and the lift descending should have been added here.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Things are hotting up quicker than I anticipated. Quick! Run and get Inspector Mackenzie.

32. A BEDROOM.

(FENN-COOPER is still straight-jacketed. He turns as NIMROD slips through the door and locks it again behind him.)

FENN-COOPER: Redvers knew the relief column would arrive.

NIMROD: Excuse me sir, but you speak with the wildness of the old world. Is it appropriate to seek your wisdom?

FENN-COOPER: You won't get far without good supplies. Baggage, animals, porters...

NIMROD: The one I serve sir, the Burning One, is waking. What should I do?

FENN-COOPER: You must hunt the Dark Continent, seek out what you desire. But be warned. You may find it.

(NIMROD produces a hunting knife.)

NIMROD: I must free you from your bonds, sir.

(FENN-COOPER opens his straight-jacketed arms wide.)

FENN-COOPER: The Doctor did that hours ago.

33. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(The light is misty and golden. CONTROL bends over the crystal rods on the console, which glow with power. She urges the husks on.)

CONTROL: Move!

(The husks take up positions either side of the membrane. Light gleams through the membrane's cracks.)

Light angry. Burning angry. But not at poor Control.

(CONTROL's gloved hands push the crystal rods into the console.)

Control going showing Light way up. Then Control on way up too!

(CONTROL pushes in more of the rods and the membrane splits open to reveal a core of blinding light.)

34. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(MACKENZIE pulls back a curtain to reveal a door. He tries it, but it is locked. He hears a bird cry and turns slowly.)

ACE: Inspector.

(MACKENZIE jumps as ACE approaches.)

Found anything?

MACKENZIE: Nothing. This place has more locked doors than Reading gaol.

(The door he just tried opens slowly on its own. A flight of stairs leads upward.)

35. THE STUDY.

(THE DOCTOR stares down at a beetle that is scurrying across his hand.)

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THE DOCTOR: All civilisation starts with hunting and foraging. But don't worry, you'll soon work your way up. You must excuse me. Things are getting out of control.

(He gently puts the beetle back in the open drawer.)

36. THE UPPER OBSERVATORY (SUNSET).

(Blinds cover the windows. There are three chairs amongst the laboratory gear and toys, covered by dusty, white sheets. The TARDIS still stands in one corner.)

MACKENZIE: No one up here either.

(ACE pulls the first dust sheet from its chair. Underneath is a white husk resembling JOSIAH.)

ACE: Josiah!

MACKENZIE: Disgusting object. What is it?

ACE: It's what's left of Josiah Smith. It's just a husk.

(She looks round, suddenly sensing danger.)

I think we should get out of here.

MACKENZIE: Nonsense, young lady. That thing isn't dangerous.

(He pulls off the second dust sheet to reveal MRS PRITCHARD sitting frozen.)

Lady Pritchard!

ACE: Lady?

MACKENZIE: Sir George's wife.

(MACKENZIE grabs the last sheet and uncovers the unmoving GWENDOLINE.)

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ACE: Gwendoline! She's their daughter, isn't she?

MACKENZIE: What's happening in this house?

ACE: They're just toys! They're just Josiah's toys!

(She turns and sees a large shape covered by a cloth. She reads the plaque.)

'Homo Victorianus Ineptus'. Oh no, I don't want to see.

(MACKENZIE pulls off the cloth. In a glass case crouched with his tail curled over, eyes bulging and dead, is REV MATTHEWS, suitably preserved.)

Reverend Matthews. I think I'm going to throw up.

37. THE HALLWAY.

(NIMROD stands waiting by the lift shaft. THE DOCTOR hurries up.)

THE DOCTOR: Nimrod. Where's Ace?

NIMROD: I have not seen her, Doctor. I must seek the truth from the Burning One.

THE DOCTOR: Stick around. I'll save you a trip.

NIMROD: Can you summon it then?

THE DOCTOR: Let's just say I've made a deal with its agent.

(The lift clanks into gear from below.)

That'll be them now. Where's Ace got to? It's not dark yet, but I don't want Josiah to miss the show.

(THE DOCTOR goes over to the grandfather clock and moves its hands to six o'clock. The chimes

begin. The panels in the wall open to reveal the night maids.)

38. THE UPPER OBSERVATORY.

(The clock chimes can be heard in the distance.)

ACE: Let's get out of here.

(GWENDOLINE and MRS PRITCHARD rise slowly from their chairs.)

Quickly!

(GWENDOLINE grabs ACE by the neck. They struggle.)

MACKENZIE: Agh! Let go of her! I am a police officer! You will do as I tell you.

(MRS PRITCHARD swipes out and sends MACKENZIE reeling across the room into the waiting arms of the husk. He struggles helplessly, unable to break free.)

Let go of me!

(ACE throws GWENDOLINE off and turns to see JOSIAH standing smirking at her. His face is fresh and ruddy, his hair is dark and his eyes twinkle evilly. He has become human.)

ACE: Josiah? Stitch this, Dracula!

(She leaps at the window blind and it shoots up, leaving JOSIAH caught in the red light of sunset. He smirks.)

JOSIAH: I no longer need to crouch in shadows, young lady.

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(ACE starts to run, but MRS PRITCHARD grabs her tightly by the hair. JOSIAH approaches and strokes her face with the back of his hand.)

ACE: You're no gentleman. Scratch the Victorian veneer, something nasty'll come crawling out.

(JOSIAH grabs ACE by the chin.)

JOSIAH: Your beloved Doctor thought to get the better of me, but I'll see him squirming yet!

(He heads for the door and, as he does, barks an order to MRS PRITCHARD.)

Bring her!

MACKENZIE: Let go of me. I am a police officer. You will do as I say.

(He finally manages to break free.)

39. THE HALLWAY (NIGHT).

(The clock strikes on and on, way past its six o'clock chime quota. THE DOCTOR stops the clock pendulum and the chimes cease.)

THE DOCTOR: That's quite enough of that.

NIMROD: Doctor, you are as powerful as you are wise.

THE DOCTOR: Cut the homespun twaddle, Nimrod. It's not wise. I've lit a blue touch paper and found there's nowhere to retire to.

(THE DOCTOR moves to the stairs where the maids are standing.)

Ladies. I do hope you enjoy indoor fireworks.

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(The stained glass window over the stairs begins to flicker.)

NIMROD: The Burning One is coming.

THE DOCTOR: Hm. I'd stand back from that lift, Nimrod, if I were you. To catch a wolf, I may have unleashed a tiger.

JOSIAH: Doctor! What are you doing? Stop the lift!

(JOSIAH stands on the stairs. MRS PRITCHARD has a firm grip on ACE, with GWENDOLINE behind them.)

THE DOCTOR: Ah Josiah! So you finally evolved into a Victorian. How quaint. And Ace. You made it in time.

ACE: Sorry, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh don't apologise. Come and meet Josiah's new guests.

JOSIAH: Nimrod! Stop the lift! Stop it!

THE DOCTOR: Much too late for that. It's now time to shed a little light on your plans.

MRS PRITCHARD: Hold him!

(Two of the maids grab hold of THE DOCTOR.)

ACE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, Ace.

JOSIAH: You've made a pact with that creature! You don't know what you're doing!

THE DOCTOR: No, but I'm about to find out. You can come out now. We're all waiting.

(The doors open revealing CONTROL, who moves forward wearing a long tattered robe which

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obscures her face.)

JOSIAH: Control! Quintessence of wickedness. Corruption incarnate.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you for trusting me, Control.

(CONTROL pushes back the robe to reveal her face for the first time. CONTROL's voice is now natural, human and female. An alien Eliza Doolittle.)

CONTROL: My half 'greeingment done. You desiring, in the darkness, you shall find it.

(JOSIAH launches himself at the lift doors, trying to force them shut.)

JOSIAH: Don't let it out!

(As the doors close there is a crackle of energy which sends JOSIAH reeling back.)

CONTROL: Too late.

THE DOCTOR: Light?

(The doors fly open, revealing a burst of brilliant, blinding light.)

EPISODE THREE

1. THE HALLWAY (DAY).

(The doors open revealing CONTROL, who moves forward wearing a long tattered robe which obscures her face.)

JOSIAH: Control! Quintessence of wickedness. Corruption incarnate.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you for trusting me, Control.

(CONTROL pushes back the robe to reveal her face for the first time. CONTROL's voice is now natural, human and female. An alien Eliza Doolittle.)

CONTROL: My half 'greeingment done now. You desiring, in the darkness, you shall find it.

(JOSIAH launches himself at the lift doors, trying to force them shut.)

JOSIAH: Don't let it out!

(As the doors close there is a crackle of energy which sends JOSIAH reeling back.)

CONTROL: Too late.

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THE DOCTOR: Light?

(The doors fly open, revealing a burst of brilliant, blinding light. The glare subsides. The alien known as LIGHT is in the lift. It sees THE DOCTOR, JOSIAH and CONTROL staring at it. Behind them are ACE, NIMROD, MRS PRITCHARD, GWENDOLINE, MACKENZIE and the maids.)

JOSIAH: Light!

(He turns and runs up the stairs. The maids follow him.)

THE DOCTOR: Josiah, come back!

(THE DOCTOR turns back towards LIGHT.)

Ah. How do you do, I am the Doctor, and this is my friend, and I hope you slept well.

(INSPECTOR MACKENZIE comes down the stairs.)

MACKENZIE: What the devil is that thing?

ACE: It's an angel, stupid.

THE DOCTOR: That's just its shape here on Earth. It's called Light, and it's come to survey life here.

ACE: It's crashed out in its stone spaceship in the basement.

THE DOCTOR: And while it slept the survey got out of control.

CONTROL: Control is me!

THE DOCTOR: But the survey is Josiah.

ACE: And now Light's come to sort out the muddle.

THE DOCTOR: That was my idea.

LIGHT: And who are you?

THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't want to confuse you...

CONTROL: Remember, our 'greeingment, Doctor. You promised Control freeness.

LIGHT: Control?

CONTROL: Now. Kill it now!

LIGHT: How long have I been asleep? And why have I naturalised in this form?

(One of the maids raises her gun towards LIGHT. LIGHT instantly turns to stare at her.)

THE DOCTOR: No, Light! Don't!

(The maid staggers and falls back dead. THE DOCTOR rushes over to her.)

That was unnecessary!

LIGHT: Wasteful. None of the weapons work.

JOSIAH: Withdraw!

(JOSIAH, MRS PRITCHARD and the maids hurry away up the stairs.)

THE DOCTOR: We'll talk.

2. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE (SUNSET).

(Storm clouds are brewing as darkness falls.)

3. THE STUDY.

THE DOCTOR: How many more times, Light? This is Earth. I mean, why don't you check the instruments in your spaceship?

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(He turns back as ACE comes through the door behind him. LIGHT has vanished.)

Where's he got to now?

(He turns again and starts, face to face with LIGHT, who is somehow there before him.)

ACE: How does Light move so fast?

THE DOCTOR: He travels at the speed of thought.

LIGHT: Earth! Why mention that wretched planet to me?

ACE: If you don't like it, then bog off!

(LIGHT glares at ACE, and she falls silent.)

LIGHT: I once spent centuries faithfully cataloguing all the species there. Every organism from the smallest bacteria to the largest ichthyosaur. But no sooner had I finished than it all started changing.

(THE DOCTOR shrugs.)

THE DOCTOR: That's life.

LIGHT: Control!

(The hall doors open of their own accord to reveal CONTROL and MACKENZIE listening at the door. MACKENZIE backs off and leaves as CONTROL slinks in.)

How many more millennia must I suffer your company? Is this Earth? Well?

CONTROL: Control wants her freeness! Be a ladylike!

(She points at THE DOCTOR.)

Doctor promised!

- LIGHT: It is not his to give.
- ACE: Did you promise, Professor?
- THE DOCTOR: Things ran away with themselves.
- CONTROL: Control too! Run away!
- (She dashes out and heads for the stairs. LIGHT raises his head to glare at her, but THE DOCTOR intervenes.)*
- THE DOCTOR: Light. Light! Give her a break. She's not your real trouble-maker!
- (LIGHT glares down at THE DOCTOR, who tries unsuccessfully to avert his eyes.)*
- LIGHT: You are interfering!
- THE DOCTOR: Yes, just like you. Only I didn't get caught napping. Why don't you forget the survey, Light? And go.
- (THE DOCTOR and ACE look round the room. LIGHT has vanished.)*
- ACE: Has he gone?
- THE DOCTOR: No.

4. THE UPPER OBSERVATORY.

- JOSIAH: Nothing will delay my plans for the Empire. With luck Light and the Doctor will be at each other's throats before they even notice. Gwendoline, it's time for Miss Ace to leave us.
- (GWENDOLINE smiles grotesquely.)*
- GWENDOLINE: I'm sure she'll enjoy Java, Uncle... once she gets there.

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(JOSIAH picks up GWENDOLINE by her waist and twirls her around.)

JOSIAH: Not as much as you'll enjoy sending her, my dear.

5. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(Lights burn in most of the windows.)

6. INTERIOR A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(The corridor seems alive. The plants cast huge shadows over the walls. Insects are crawling over the furniture and the walls. MRS PRITCHARD leads her crocodile of maids down the passage, heading for the stairs. When they are gone, CONTROL slips out from behind a curtain. Reverting to a more animal stance, she prowls along. She stops to watch an insect sitting on a table-top.)

CONTROL: Control's new world!

(She grabs the insect, pops it into her mouth and crunches it gleefully. She freezes as FENN-COOPER appears, extending a handful of jewellery like trading beads.)

FENN-COOPER: You like them? You take. Now we trade words.

7. THE HALLWAY.

(The stained glass window above the stairs has become a screen and LIGHT's alien symbols move over its surface. LIGHT stands in the middle of the hall opposite the window. He stares at the symbols, absorbing the data.)

LIGHT: No. This is not Earth. It cannot be!

(A maid enters carrying a silver soup tureen. She stops short. LIGHT turns to look at her. She bobs nervously, unable to take her eyes from his. He beckons her.)

Come here, child. I need your assistance.

(The maid approaches and kneels at LIGHT's feet. Still holding the tray, she gazes up into his eyes. LIGHT's eyes widen. The maid's eyes are held by the stare and she sinks to her knees.)

8. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(THE DOCTOR and ACE are surrounded by the creepy birds and plants. ACE is startled by a distant crash.)

ACE: What was that?

THE DOCTOR: Just our imaginations.

(ACE hides her fear.)

ACE: No sign of Control. It's weird, it feels like this whole place is coming alive.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. It's the energy from Light's ship. Invigorating, isn't it?

ACE: No.

THE DOCTOR: What does it remind you of? All right, all right, all right. What happened here in a hundred years time is none of my business.

ACE: I thought this was a haunted house.

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THE DOCTOR: It is.

ACE: I was only thirteen.

THE DOCTOR: Of course.

ACE: I got frightened, that's all.

(THE DOCTOR holds up the key of the TARDIS.)

THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS key. You can always wait for me there.

ACE: That's the easy way out.

THE DOCTOR: Well come on, then.

(THE DOCTOR moves off and ACE begins to follow. A bird is heard fluttering. ACE freezes and looks up fearfully at the unmoving birds.)

ACE: Doctor? Have you ever had one of those nightmares where you couldn't move? Doctor?

(But THE DOCTOR has gone. A bird cries - it seems to come from an unmoving stuffed crow, wings spread. There is another fluttering - an owl stares at ACE. Its glass eye gleams. ACE doesn't know where to look. More and more birds cry and flutter. ACE sinks to her knees and tries to cover her ears. She is terrified.)

You're all dead! You're all dead!

(Mingling in with the sound of the birds comes the growing crackling of fire, and then the sirens of twentieth century fire engines. ACE is lit by both fire and the flashing blue light of a fire engine.)

It wasn't my fault! I'm not guilty! I couldn't help it!

(The birds' screeching suddenly stops and there is

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silence. ACE looks up at a Victorian dress. GWENDOLINE stands over her, smiling.)

GWENDOLINE: Ace my dear, I want you to come away. Come away with me to Java!

(GWENDOLINE lunges at ACE with her handkerchief pad.)

9. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM.

(CONTROL sits in front of the mirror trying on a Victorian hat covered in feathers. FENN-COOPER sits on the bed studying the Queen Victoria target.)

FENN-COOPER: The handsomest woman Redvers ever saw was daughter to a N'tamba chief... but she had a bone through her nose and ate her cousin for breakfast.

(CONTROL rejects the hat and picks up another with feathers attached to it.)

CONTROL: Will Control be ladylike? Want so much.

FENN-COOPER: Once this hunt is over, I'll make you the finest ladylike in the Empire.

(The door opens and THE DOCTOR enters.)

THE DOCTOR: Having fun, Control?

CONTROL: You! You come taking away Control's freeness.

(She backs away from him.)

THE DOCTOR: Control. I've come to help you, and to ask you for your help.

CONTROL: No help! It's mine! You won't take it!

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(With one bound she leaps at the window and, smashing straight through it, vanishes from sight. THE DOCTOR dashes over to the window.)

THE DOCTOR: No, Control! No, come back! Ah, you won't get far!

FENN-COOPER: Of course, if she was a real lady, I wouldn't be in her boudoir.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, things are getting out of control. Even I can't play this many games at once.

FENN-COOPER: Then help me. Help me with my hunt.

THE DOCTOR: I haven't got time, Redvers.

FENN-COOPER: But I'm hunting the rarest creature in the world. The Crowned Saxe Coburg. Look!

(THE DOCTOR lifts the Queen Victoria target out of FENN-COOPER's hand and studies it.)

THE DOCTOR: Really? And who's sponsoring the expedition? Josiah Samuel Smith?

FENN-COOPER: When I find it, I shall shoot it.

10. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(ACE hurries down the corridor as GWENDOLINE rounds the corner behind her. Ahead, a maid moves in to block ACE's path.)

GWENDOLINE: Come on Ace, I don't want to hurt you.

(Seeing her way blocked, ACE darts through a door into an empty bedroom and slams it. GWENDOLINE catches the door as it closes and tries to force her way in. The maids join her.)

11. AN EMPTY BEDROOM.

(ACE struggles to close the door.)

ACE: You mean it'll be painless!

(GWENDOLINE gives the door a hefty shove and it opens. She goes in. ACE and GWENDOLINE struggle. ACE manages to knock the pad out of GWENDOLINE's hands and it flies across the floor.)

12. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(One of the maids closes the door and stands blocking the doorway as THE DOCTOR and FENN-COOPER come down the corridor.)

FENN-COOPER: The habitat of the Crowned Saxe Coburg isn't easy to discover.

THE DOCTOR: A good hunter always knows the signs.

(They eye the maid as they pass. She bobs politely.)

Like a royal invitation to Buckingham Palace for instance. Why else do you think Josiah has kept you alive so long, Redvers?

FENN-COOPER: Will you join my expedition, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Not yet. I've got to find Ace.

13. AN EMPTY BEDROOM.

(ACE shoves GWENDOLINE across the room and grabs at the door. GWENDOLINE pulls her back.)

GWENDOLINE: Come here, you little brat!

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ACE: Get off me, you!

(The window slides up and CONTROL drags herself in, her will broken.)

GWENDOLINE: Control, help me!

(CONTROL pulls GWENDOLINE off ACE, then flinging ACE aside, she pulls the door open and runs off down the corridor.)

14. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(ACE runs out and pushes the surprised maid back into the room. ACE slams the door shut and frantically locks it.)

15. THE TROPHY ROOM.

(The door opens and NIMROD looks in. LIGHT, his back to the door, is bending over something laid out on the table. The tray with the overturned tureen lies close by. NIMROD looks in disgust. The dead maid's arm dangles over the side. LIGHT turns and holds up the dead maid's other arm, now detached from its body.)

LIGHT: I wanted to see how it works... so I dismantled it. But I need another specimen.

NIMROD: Sir. You are Light. Long ago, my people worshipped you as the Burning One.

LIGHT: I know you. I took you up as the last specimen of the extinct Neanderthal race from Earth.

NIMROD: Yes, sir.

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LIGHT: At least they knew when to stop evolving. Who released you from your quarantine cubicle?

NIMROD: Mr Josiah, sir. I am in his service.

(LIGHT angrily points at a spot in thin air in front of him, where tiny points of light endlessly flicker in the gloom.)

LIGHT: Look at these microbes. They're evolving even as I speak! My entire catalogue of the planet is worthless! Centuries of work wasted!

(The door opens and MACKENZIE hurries in.)

MACKENZIE: Ah! Perhaps one of you can tell me where I can find the Doctor? This place is like a madhouse!

(He sees LIGHT moving in on him. NIMROD watches in mounting horror.)

LIGHT: If we don't want things to change... we make sure that they cannot!

(He turns and glares at MACKENZIE, who slides down the wall, stone dead.)

16. THE STUDY.

(CONTROL is standing by an open window, sniffing. ACE enters and, seeing the figure huddled, approaches her.)

ACE: Control?

CONTROL: Leave 'lone. Go away!

ACE: Am I still ratkin?

(CONTROL wails. ACE crouches beside her, putting

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a hand on her shoulder.)

It's all right. I didn't mean it.

CONTROL: Hate world! Hate freeness, it bites! Ran 'way into big empty nothing. Sky flew away to nothing. Want to hide from big open emptiness world!

ACE: It's this house. When you're a kid, you smash things you hate. But what do I do if it keeps coming back?

CONTROL: World only changing for him. Now he's Josiah! Big man now! Leaving Control behind! Control no lady-like!

(CONTROL wails pitifully.)

ACE: Oh, cut the whingeing, Control. You want to fight back? You've got to beat Josiah at his own game!

17. A CORRIDOR UPSTAIRS.

(GWENDOLINE splinters the door panel with an axe. She reaches through and quickly unlocks the door. GWENDOLINE and the maid hurry off down the corridor.)

18. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM.

(ACE and CONTROL sit at the dressing table.)

ACE: Go on, try again. The rain in Spain... falls mainly down the drain.

CONTROL: The rain in Spain... falls mainly...

(In the mirror, ACE sees the reflection of GWENDOLINE.)

GWENDOLINE: There you are Ace, my dear.

(ACE spins round. GWENDOLINE lunges at her with the pad. ACE fights to hold her off and they fall back onto the bed.)

ACE: Control! Help me!

CONTROL: New gameplay! Control go next!

(ACE pulls off the locket from GWENDOLINE's neck and it falls to the floor. GWENDOLINE is winning the struggle, when suddenly FENN-COOPER enters the room and pulls GWENDOLINE away from ACE.)

FENN-COOPER: The natives are restless tonight.

GWENDOLINE: Let me go! Let go!

(THE DOCTOR enters just behind FENN-COOPER and picks up the locket, opens and looks at the picture inside, and shows it to GWENDOLINE.)

THE DOCTOR: Gwendoline. Who does this remind you of?

(GWENDOLINE gasps as she sees the photographs of herself and MRS PRITCHARD in the locket. She shudders and her face goes blank.)

Severe trauma. I could forgive her arranging those little trips to Java...

FENN-COOPER: She was hypnotised, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: ... if she didn't enjoy them so much.

ACE: Professor, Control's got a few things to show Josiah.

CONTROL: No longer hiding.

THE DOCTOR: Good. Just in time for dinner.

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19. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(The house stands in darkness, its windows ablaze with light.)

20. INTERIOR THE DINING ROOM.

(A fire has been lit in the fireplace. The table is laid for dinner. A covered tureen of soup sits on the table. MRS PRITCHARD and the three remaining maids are positioned round the walls. JOSIAH stands looking at his gold hunter. He looks up as the doors to the hall open and THE DOCTOR enters with FENN-COOPER, ACE and CONTROL.)

THE DOCTOR: Good evening, Josiah.

(He whispers to ACE.)

Don't have the soup!

(JOSIAH notices control, who steps forward with perfect deportment.)

JOSIAH: Get that creature out of here! Get it out!

ACE: Go on Control, knock 'em dead.

(CONTROL speaks, but now in elegant ladylike tones.)

CONTROL: Control has her freeness now, Squire.

JOSIAH: What's this? Where's Gwendoline?

CONTROL: Better orff without you... guv'nor.

JOSIAH: You win this move, Doctor, but I will not suffer that creature at my table!

FENN-COOPER: That sir, is no way to speak in front of a ladylike.

ACE: Oi, Jungle Jim. I'm here too, you know.

CONTROL: No one hurting Control. Not in gutter now.

THE DOCTOR: Who was it said Earthmen never invite their ancestors round to dinner?

(THE DOCTOR fishes GWENDOLINE's locket from his pocket.)

Oh, which reminds me, Lady Pritchard, have you seen this?

(He hands MRS PRITCHARD the locket.)

It belongs to your daughter Gwendoline, and there's a portrait in there of you. You see?

(MRS PRITCHARD looks at the photographs and steps slowly backwards in confusion.)

Very nice likeness. You and Sir George must have been very happy before the cuckoo invaded your nest.

MRS PRITCHARD: Oh... oh, Gwendoline!

(MRS PRITCHARD gives a cry and runs from the room.)

JOSIAH: Mrs Pritchard! You are not dismissed!

FENN-COOPER: Let her alone, sir. A lioness always protects her cubs.

(ACE begins to help herself to some soup.)

THE DOCTOR: No soup, Ace.

JOSIAH: There's no way out of this for you, Doctor!

(A beetle scurries across the table. JOSIAH swats it with a silver serving spoon.)

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THE DOCTOR: I knew it was a trap as soon as I walked into it. Unfortunately your guest of honour seems to have let you down.

JOSIAH: Light will come.

21. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM.

(GWENDOLINE stands unmoving as MRS PRITCHARD enters.)

MRS PRITCHARD: Gwendoline.

GWENDOLINE: Mamma.

MRS PRITCHARD: Oh, Gwendoline!

GWENDOLINE: Mamma!

(MRS PRITCHARD puts the locket around GWENDOLINE's neck.)

MRS PRITCHARD: Oh my dear, oh my dear! We were so happy once. Do you remember riding down to the village with your father? The dogs running behind, barking. And then he went away... to Java... you sent him!

GWENDOLINE: Mamma! I thought you were lost!

MRS PRITCHARD: Oh I am, my dear. We both are.

GWENDOLINE: Oh, mamma! What have we done?

(There is a sudden flash, and LIGHT stands in front of GWENDOLINE and MRS PRITCHARD.)

LIGHT: You changed. Like the rest of this verminous planet, you adapted to your situation to survive.

(NIMROD enters the room.)

Well, you'll never change again.

(He glares at them. MRS PRITCHARD and GWENDOLINE gasp. Their linked hands whiten and calcify. NIMROD stares.)

NIMROD: They never harmed you.

LIGHT: I have decided Earth's future.

22. THE DINING ROOM.

(JOSIAH sits at the head of the table. THE DOCTOR at the other end. ACE sits next to him on one side, CONTROL on the other. FENN-COOPER is between CONTROL and JOSIAH. THE DOCTOR probes the soup with a fork.)

THE DOCTOR: Josiah, tell me about your plan to assassinate Queen Victoria.

ACE: Ha! You what!

JOSIAH: Who have you been talking to?

THE DOCTOR: Myself mostly.

JOSIAH: The British Empire is an anarchic mess! There's no clear directive from the throne. No discipline. Result? Confusion, wastage. I can provide a new order - wealth, prosperity...

THE DOCTOR: Confusion, wastage, tyranny, burnt toast, 'til all the atlas is pink!

(He gives a mock salute.)

But it isn't your invitation to Buckingham Palace. Redvers?

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FENN-COOPER: I am allowed to take a guest.

(FENN-COOPER produces the invitation.)

CONTROL: Control proper ladylike now. Out to dinner. Take Control meeting Queen lady.

JOSIAH: Redvers. We agreed. We hunt the Crowned Saxe Coburg together!

FENN-COOPER: I gave up on Redvers long ago. All he ever talks about is himself. Here, Control.

(He hands the invitation to CONTROL. JOSIAH goes to snatch it away, but FENN-COOPER restrains him.)

CONTROL: It's mine! Or I burn it!

JOSIAH: You basest of creatures! You dare to defy me! I am a man of property!

CONTROL: Then I burn whole house up!

JOSIAH: No!

ACE: No, Control! Don't do it! Please don't do it! That's what I did!

THE DOCTOR: In 1983? Ace, you didn't tell me that!

ACE: You're not my probation officer! You don't have to know everything!

THE DOCTOR: Ace.

ACE: It was the house. It was full of evil and hate left by him. So I burnt the house down. I had to!

CONTROL: It is wickedness.

(She throws the invitation onto the fire.)

JOSIAH: No! No!

(He scrambles for the burning card, but is too late.)

THE DOCTOR: He only wanted to take over an empire. At least he didn't want to destroy the world.

(There is a sudden flash and LIGHT is standing at the table, the soup tureen before him.)

Light. I think I've solved your problem for you.

LIGHT: There's only one solution to Earth. I was going to reduce it to this.

(He stirs the soup with the ladle. Realisation suddenly dawns on a horror-struck ACE.)

ACE: Oh no!

THE DOCTOR: So you started with Inspector Mackenzie.

(JOSIAH sneers at THE DOCTOR.)

JOSIAH: The cream of Scotland Yard.

(ACE recoils in horror.)

THE DOCTOR: Primordial soup. The most precious substance in the Universe. From which all life springs.

(LIGHT continues to stir the soup.)

LIGHT: Merely sugars, proteins and amino acids... but it would soon start to evolve again. So I'm going to stop the change here. All organic life will be eradicated in the firestorm! And when this world is destroyed... no more change. No more evolution. No more life. No more amendments to my catalogue!

(He dips his finger in the soup and, putting it to his mouth, licks it with relish.)

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THE DOCTOR: But you evolve too, Light.

LIGHT: Nonsense!

THE DOCTOR: Of course you do. You change and adapt all the time. Your attitude. Your place. Your mind. I mean, look at you now. You're no longer your original shape. And I don't think much about your catalogue. It's full of gaps.

LIGHT: All organic life is recorded!

(THE DOCTOR is slowly backing out of the door.)

THE DOCTOR: What about the Griffins and the Basilisks? You missed the Dragons and Bandersnatches!

23. THE HALLWAY.

(THE DOCTOR walks out into the hallway as he is speaking.)

THE DOCTOR: Then there are the Slithy Toves and the Crowned Saxe Coburg!

(He turns to find LIGHT already glaring at the chattering data streaming across the window screen above the stairs.)

LIGHT: Where are these items!?

THE DOCTOR: I can't think how you missed them. You'll have to complete the catalogue before you can destroy all life here.

(The streaming data reflects in LIGHT's eyes.)

LIGHT: Control!

THE DOCTOR: She's no use to you now. She's evolved as well!

(The screen chatters unnervingly louder.)

LIGHT: No! All's slipping away!

THE DOCTOR: All this change. All this movement. Tell me Light, haven't you just changed your location?

(LIGHT turns and glares at him, as if to strike out, but his gaze is drawn back to the screen.)

LIGHT: Not yet.

THE DOCTOR: What's the matter, Light? Changed your mind?

LIGHT: You are endlessly agitating, unceasingly mischievous. Will you never stop?

THE DOCTOR: I suppose I could, it would make a change.

(NIMROD comes out into the hall.)

LIGHT: Nimrod! I can rely on you! Assist me now!

NIMROD: I'm sorry, sir. My allegiance is to this planet. My birthright.

LIGHT: Agh! Everything is changing! All in flux! Nothing remains the same!

THE DOCTOR: Even remains change. It's this planet. It can't help itself!

LIGHT: I... will not... change! I'll wake up soon! No... change! Dead... zero.

(He starts to calcify and is fixed, twitching and shuddering, as he stares at the data chattering across the screen. ACE comes out and joins THE DOCTOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Subject for catalogue: File under 'Imagination comma lack of'.

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NIMROD: Excuse me, sir, but Light instigated the firestorm programme some time prior to dinner.

THE DOCTOR: Ah.

ACE: What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR: A very big explosion. Very soon.

(They run for the lift.)

24. EXTERIOR GABRIEL CHASE.

(A flash of lightning illuminates the house.)

25. THE LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(The husks are back 'en tableau'. The whole room pulses with energy. THE DOCTOR and ACE dash in from the tunnel, with NIMROD, CONTROL and FENN-COOPER behind them.)

ACE: How do we stop it? Same as before?

(She starts pushing rods back into the wall console.)

THE DOCTOR: Ace, don't touch that!

ACE: It'll nuke Earth!

THE DOCTOR: Look!

(NIMROD, CONTROL and FENN-COOPER are staring at one of the screens. Lights flicker over their faces.)

ACE: A fine time to watch a video!

THE DOCTOR: How does this ship travel?

ACE: Speed of thought? If it's alive!

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THE DOCTOR: Yes, Light's gone, but the ship survives along with a new crew.

(JOSIAH grabs ACE from behind, pointing a gun at her head.)

JOSIAH: Turn off the power, Doctor!

ACE: Get off, scumbag!

JOSIAH: I'll have my Empire yet!

THE DOCTOR: Josiah! The ship doesn't want you to.

(NIMROD, CONTROL and FENN-COOPER turn in unison.)

FENN-COOPER: There's a place for you here, old chap.

(JOSIAH holds ACE tighter. CONTROL suddenly speaks with educated, crisp precision.)

CONTROL: Stop that immediately! Get back where you belong!

(CONTROL raises a hand and the head of one of the husks immediately detonates. JOSIAH gasps and collapses.)

THE DOCTOR: There go the rungs in his evolutionary ladder.

ACE: Go on then, evolve your way out of that one!

JOSIAH: No way up now. No changing.

(CONTROL slips a chain around JOSIAH's neck.)

CONTROL: You are the most unhappy creature. I shall look after you.

(CONTROL gently raises up JOSIAH and leads him off.)

ACE: They swapped over.

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NIMROD: We have our work to do, sir. Entries and amendments to revise. To complete the catalogue.

ACE: No nukes then? Isn't it going to explode?

THE DOCTOR: Explode or fly. I mean, after all, it is a spaceship.

NIMROD: The energy will be redeployed for our departure, sir.

FENN-COOPER: Redvers has the whole universe to explore for his catalogue! New horizons. Wondrous beasts! Light years from Zanzibar.

CONTROL: Doctor, something tells me you are not in our catalogue. Nor will you ever be.

(There is a further gush of steam. THE DOCTOR raises his hat.)

THE DOCTOR: You're busy. Must fly!

(He turns and hurries ACE up the tunnel. The new crew take their places before the screens. ACE turns and calls back to them.)

ACE: Bye, bye.

THE DOCTOR: Come along.

FENN-COOPER: Bye.

26. THE TUNNEL.

ACE: We've got to get clear for the take-off.

THE DOCTOR: Take off?

(They look back. The tunnel now ends in solid rock.)

They've gone... like a passing thought. As long as

their minds don't wander.

27. THE HALLWAY.

(The screen is flickering furiously. Energy bolts leap around the hall, but LIGHT is still fixed, shuddering and flickering. The lift door opens and THE DOCTOR and ACE emerge and stare at him. As the energy builds, LIGHT suddenly explodes with radiance and is gone. Energy bolts zap and whoosh through the hall, crackling and tracing into the walls and fittings. The pyrotechnics start to fade.)

THE DOCTOR: He's dispersed.

ACE: Forever?

THE DOCTOR: The house will remember. Just the ghost... of an evil memory lingering. A dark secret after the candle is out.

ACE: I felt it here in a hundred years' time.

(THE DOCTOR opens the front panel and restarts the grandfather clock.)

THE DOCTOR: An evil older than time itself.

ACE: So I burnt the house down.

THE DOCTOR: Any regrets?

ACE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

ACE: I wish I'd blown it up instead.

THE DOCTOR: Wicked!

CREATING GHOST LIGHT

by Marc Platt

"Right Marc," said Andrew Cartmel, "if you're sure you're sitting down, we'd like to commission the story from you." I think I stood up again. It was either that or panic.

This slightly startling incident was the culmination of about twelve years of knocking on the door of the *Doctor Who* office. I think all the script editors from Robert Holmes onwards were treated to examples of Platt storylines thumping onto their creaking desks.

The first that Andrew saw was an early version of *Cat's Cradle* (which eventually evolved into the book). It was weird and needed a budget of Spielbergian proportions. Andrew asked me to send in something else. He got a story about stone-headed aliens set in nineteenth century Russia. I was summoned to his office.

"Have you read any Mervyn Peake?" said Ben Aaronovitch, who was lurking behind a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Yes," I answered.

"Thought so. He's weird too."

"We don't want to do the Russian story," added Andrew, "but we've been working out this historical background to Gallifrey. You see we want to put a lot of the mystery back into the Doctor."

I clung on to my chair. "Funny you should say that, but I have this idea for a story about the Doctor's family. They're all mad because they can't cope with having him as a relation. It's all set in this sinister house which no one can get out of..."

Andrew and I worked for about eight months on *Lungbarrow*. I was determined to capitalise on the restrictions of a studio-bound production. The story was set in a claustrophobic environment and would arise out of the characters and the menace of their relationships - shades of *Robots of Death*. This would be the Doctor's "worst place in the Universe," his personal nightmare. Much would be explained about his origins, and then finally knocked down again to reveal another huge question mark lurking behind him. The 'Who' would go back into the Doctor.

When John Nathan-Turner headed us off at the gulch, deciding that

we were going ahead too fast, Andrew suggested reworking the best elements from *Lungbarrow* into a new story. The Gothic elements of the 'old dark house' suggested a Victorian theme to him. This coincided with two of my own Desert Island *Doctor Who*'s: *Evil of the Daleks* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. The main legacy from *Lungbarrow*, other than the house, were the villainous housekeeper and a squad of murdering maidservants. Rather than taking a long time to establish a new alien environment, we could draw on the recognisable world of Sherlock Holmes and all those wonderful Sunday tea-time Dickens serials that ran before the BBC forgot how to make them.

The Victorian era was a thoroughly two-faced affair. On one side was the obsession with scientific and geographical discovery. The other side reeked of musty sofas, stuffed animals, class exploitation and a social etiquette of ludicrous and hypocritical proportions. As Ace says rather too eloquently, "Scratch the Victorian veneer and something nasty'll come crawling out." Andrew felt that *Doctor Who* had never really tackled the vexed issue of evolution as a subject. Somehow Darwinism and social climbing went hand in hand (or tooth in claw).

The Bestiary, as the story was originally called, is essentially about evolution. The human characters are all recognisable types from Victorian novels. Most of them are forced to adapt to their new and bizarre situations. Some, the outraged fundamentalist Reverend Ernest Matthews and the stolid Inspector Mackenzie, cannot adapt and so perish. Others, the orphaned ward Gwendoline and sinister housekeeper Mrs Pritchard, have adapted with a frightening degree of relish. That heroic explorer Redvers Fenn-Cooper, famed for single-handedly beating forward the frontiers of the British Empire with countless deeds of derring-do, goes bonkers in order to cope, and paradoxically talks more sense than anyone else in the house.

Nimrod, plucked from his Neanderthal origins and mockingly named after the Mighty Hunter of the Bible by Josiah, assumes the role of gentleman's valet with some aplomb. But he never forgets his

roots, for he was once tale-bearer of his tribe and he carries with him all the wisdom of a people, now lost, who lived much closer to nature. Nimrod is a sort of cross between Stig of the Dump and Jeeves, but he also owes debts to Harry Harrison's *Eden* trilogy and Doris Lessing's *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8*. I've learned since that Neanderthals had no true voice box and so would have been incapable of uttering speech - but Josiah would like to think of himself as a man of means, wouldn't he?

The make-up that Carl Forgione wore as Nimrod was quite startling. Go and look at the mock-up of a Neanderthal in the Natural History Museum to see how accurate it is. Only the dress suit is missing.

The bizarre triumvirate of Light, Josiah and Control also reflects the Victorian setting. Light himself is a sort of Victorian naturalist in space. But he is also a recording angel and, as such, reflects the Biblical version of Creation Theory - steady state, anti-evolution. No one knows Light's origins, but over millennia his task of identifying and recording every living organism in the cosmos has dangerously unbalanced his mind. His endless catalogue is based on my own job at the BBC at that time, indexing (and correcting) the details of all programmes broadcast on radio. File under: Boring, very!

Light's appearance evolved through several stages. I originally saw him as a blazing angel out of William Blake, with huge enfolding wings. Then, perversely, I thought of a tall and sepulchral figure in a cleric's black cassock - dry and officious, like a bare-footed Biblical accountant. Alan Wareing wanted to cast him as a Norman Tebbit lookalike! Fortunately, the costume designer, Ken Trew, kept to the original plan. Alan had the buzzing aura added and John Hallam gave what I think is a daring and dangerously mad performance.

When Light's observatory ship arrives on any world, the angel sends out its agent, one half of its survey experiment, to gather data. The survey agent adapts to the environs into which it has emerged to assist its data gathering. Meanwhile, the other half of the survey, the Control, remains unchanged on the ship. But Light reckons without its

crew mutinying.

Josiah Samuel Smith, for that is what the survey agent has become on nineteenth century Earth, is evolving into a Victorian, which he reckons to be the dominant species. Insular English society is refusing to have any truck with this upstart, who calls himself a scientist and has more outrageous and outspoken views than that Godless heathen Charles Darwin. For all his villainy, Josiah is a pitiful creature too. Determined to escape from his bondage to Light, he wants desperately to belong to and become part of a world, even if he intends to eventually rule and tyrannise it. He takes on all the worst aspects of Victorian values - greed, corruption and exploitation of the lower classes, which he, in fact, considers to be everyone. In an important line, regrettably cut from the final programme for timing reasons, Josiah complains as he fails to bribe the Doctor; "How you fancy people despise me, with your doctorates and professorships." To which the Doctor replies tartly, "Honours aren't everything." Unfortunately, as half of an experiment, *Mr Josiah Samuel Smith* is permanently linked to and lumbered with Control.

Poor Control, a pathetic proto-creature, doomed to an existence with no hope of betterment. Neither Control nor the Josiah creature can exist without the other. But Josiah has the upper hand. Since Control is the one thing he cannot destroy, he has it locked away in the underground ship. Even so, a gentleman must offer his *guest* some form of hospitality. So he mockingly has *The Times* delivered daily to Control, content that the brute will do no more with this gift than shred it to make a nest. Control, equally capable of high-speed evolution, starts to get other ideas.

Control was the hardest character to find a peg for. I knew there was something strange lurking in the cellar, but wasn't at all sure what. He, she or probably it started off simply as a shadow (cast by Light of course). Then it became a reptilian based on a monstrous beast in William Blake's painting *The Ghost of a Flea*. After that, it was like one of those skinless biological diagrams showing the muscles and blood supply of a man. ("Too repulsive," said Andrew).

Finally it acquired the ragged, mad, hunchback bride look (Quasimodo meets Miss Havisham) and Alan determined that the costume should evolve gradually along with the creature inside it.

Control's initial character also eluded me until I was watching, of all things, an opera of *King Lear*. The Duke of Gloucester disguises himself as a mad beggar who lives on the heath. His pathetic cry of "Poor Tom's a-cold" in high falsetto suddenly sparked off the entire downtrodden, whimpering character. Both Control and Josiah have infinite potential for development and are moulded by the circumstances and influences they encounter. In Victorian England, they personify William Blake's concepts of Innocence and Experience. In another environment, they would appear in totally different forms.

Eventually, of course, Control does an Eliza Doolittle and out-evolves Josiah at his own game. She manages this without Josiah's method of evolving in stages by leaving a series of sloughed husks behind him. This constant changing couldn't have been easy on Sharon Duce. Virtually every time she appeared, she was at a slightly more advanced stage of development. I saw Control as an overgrown child, eager to learn, but with a playfulness that was dangerous because she had no sense of morality or of her own strength. After a great deal of worry about her character's motivation, Sharon grasped the many facets of the role and invested it by turn with degrees of rage, wiliness, joy, fun and eventually a dignity that I found very touching and satisfying.

I confess that the husks are probably the thing I like least about *Ghost Light*. John Nathan-Turner asked for lots of monsters in the story, and the costumes were splendid, even if we did nearly land up with the heads of the Frog and Fish Footmen from a recent production of *Alice in Wonderland* (not necessarily so out of context as might first appear). Nevertheless, I feel that they seem like token monsters and that I should have done more with them plotwise.

If *Lungbarrow* was the worst place in the Doctor's Universe, then Gabriel Chase became the worst place in Ace's, as her own past reared its ugly head. The genuine rapport between Sylvester McCoy and

Sophie Aldred inspired all the writers who worked with them. More than any time since the very early days of *Doctor Who*, the companion became an equal with the Doctor.

Ben Aaronovitch, simply the best plot ideas man I have ever known, had already come up with the story of Ace's Indian friend Manesha for his own novelisation of *Remembrance of the Daleks*. It fitted exactly as the motivation for the dark secret that Ace had expected to keep well hidden. Unfortunately, nothing much gets past the Doctor. The accusation that he knows too much of what's going on isn't entirely accurate. There's no point in judging him in human terms. His mind is infinitely quicker and more alien. It teems with the information he has gathered over his long lives. Sometimes he does know what's happening; sometimes he's caused it himself; if he doesn't know, he's determined to find out, but he sometimes forgets the cost. His insatiable curiosity invariably leads him into trouble. But questions need answers, don't they?

The Doctor takes on the role of Ace's tutor, but he also studies her as they travel together. There was a determination that unlike other companions, whose character tended to peter out after a few stories, Ace would continue to develop throughout her run. If the Doctor's actions towards her seemed callous, it was because he has rarely been one to express affection. His concern for Ace is never in doubt, but there are aspects of her personality that he wants her to face up to (and he needs to find out about). Any cruelty on his behalf would be tempered by concern and not as extreme as we've recently seen in the New Adventure novels. The Doctor was preparing Ace for something as yet undefined. Unfortunately, the twenty-seventh season of *Doctor Who*, and Ace's final two stories, never materialised.

Ghost Light was originally scheduled as the third story in the twenty-sixth season, following on from Ian Briggs' *The Curse of Fenric*. I suggested that we might integrate the season more by asking Ian to insert a scene into *Fenric*. In passing, Ace would mention the terrifying experience she once had in a haunted house. The Doctor would naturally prick up his ears. Of course, the season's story order then got

transposed - so much for continuity.

Ghost Light was meant to run in tandem with Rona Munro's *Survival*. Both stories were set in Perivale and both had elements of Ace's past revisited. Strikingly, at the close of Rona's story, Ace originally burned Karra's body on a home-made funeral pyre, an action which continued her deadly fascination with fire.

It's a bewildering experience when something that started off as a slightly peculiar idea rattling round inside your head, eventually has dozens of people striving to turn it into reality. Andrew Cartmel's way of working was to look at the latest batch of scenes I'd written, say "very good, but wouldn't it be better if...?" and throw them back at me. I was never sure if his suggestions were meant to be serious, but I would go away and return with something even better (or weirder!). This was writing by provocation. I think of the script very much as a collaboration, because Andrew had so many ideas and details to add to it. His contribution to *Doctor Who* has been seriously undervalued. He worked very long and hard at the series and cared deeply about it. In his three seasons, he succeeded in giving it a fresh impetus and strength that would have carried it on for considerably longer had other forces not intervened. I can't think of a happier time than the months I spent labouring in the galley under his whip.

Inevitably with any sort of production process, you are going to lose a certain amount of material. You actually gain things, too. The limit on the number of sets for the story meant that I was reluctantly forced to combine the drawing room and dining room into one. Nick Somerville, the designer, put his foot down, insisting that no real Victorian house would permit such a thing. Somehow he managed to design the forbidden separate dining room into the limited space allowed. He even managed the luxury of a second set of corridors (those necessities without which no *Doctor Who* is complete). Costs, however, prohibited the series of cave paintings with which Nimrod had adorned the underground tunnel leading from the lift to Light's observatory ship. The principle seems to be that the more contextual ideas you put in, the more you are likely to have left in the final pro-

duction.

Of the many things I have learned through writing *Ghost Light*, the platinum rule must be "Never say anything only once" - now engraved on my word processor! The audience won't take in a passing reference; important points must be emphasized. Since I'm cursed with a Byzantine sort of brain, the story turned out that way too. I don't think I can apologise for that, because it was what I wanted to write and I have faith that *Doctor Who* can carry complex stories as well as ripping adventure yarns, and even better if they're rolled into one!

The amount of trimming and cutting was fairly extensive, that's the director's job, but the essence of the story remains. Even so, some of the detail, that would have allowed the plot a bit more breathing space, landed on the cutting room floor. Some of this material was recorded, some of it only got as far as the rehearsal rooms. Sometimes it amounted only to a couple of lines, sometimes to complete scenes. In the age of the Special Edition and the Director's Cut, perhaps we can also air a selection from the Author's Missing Bits...

In a couple of scenes from early in episode one, the Doctor's tutoring of Ace is expanded upon, along with Josiah's in-house surveillance system.

INTERIOR UPPER OBSERVATORY (DUSK).

(THE DOCTOR is deep in a copy of a book with The Journal of the Beagle by Charles Darwin on its cover. ACE is sifting through the chemical bottles in a cupboard.)

ACE: Nothing much in here. Alum, borax, carbon tetrachloride...

(THE DOCTOR is engrossed in the book.)

THE DOCTOR: Let me guess. Benzine, arsenic. Boring, aren't they?

ACE: Not necessarily.

THE DOCTOR: They're all preserving agents in the art of taxidermy.

ACE: Gross!

(ACE has found an old-fashioned box telephone amongst the muddle on the worktop. She lifts the earpiece and looks for a button to press.)

THE DOCTOR: Did you know that Darwin was a martyr to sea sickness?

ACE: What I need is a phonecard.

THE DOCTOR: Odd that. Considering his origins.

ACE: How do I ring out on this thing?

(THE DOCTOR notices and makes a desperate dive for the phone. ACE manoeuvres out of reach.)

THE DOCTOR: Ace! Don't touch that!

ACE: It's called initiative, remember? All I want is the Operator.

THE DOCTOR: You'll give us away! These days trespassers land up in Newgate!

ACE: The prison!

THE DOCTOR: Mmm. And it took three weeks to tunnel out last time. So give me the phone!

(He takes the phone, but they both freeze as a voice [JOSIAH] speaks from the other end of the line.)

JOSIAH (oov): Who's there?

THE DOCTOR: Sorry, wrong number.

(He puts the earpiece back pronto.)

INTERIOR THE STUDY.

(The room is lit only by the glow from a fireplace. The curtains are drawn. More stuffed animals. A bleached white hand, sleeved by a silk dressing-gown, replaces the ear piece of a telephone on its hook.)

JOSIAH: Using a telephone, Reverend Matthews? Surely you're far too fastidious a soul for such a demonic apparatus?

(An antique microscope. The shadowy figure bends over it, starting to adjust the wheel in the side.)

THE UPPER OBSERVATORY (NIGHT).

(The glistening eye of the rocking pony watches. From its point of view, or over its shoulder, we see ACE playing with one of the toys while THE DOCTOR lectures.)

THE DOCTOR: Now that you've so successfully drawn attention to our presence, there's only one thing for it.

ACE: Go and introduce ourselves properly?

THE DOCTOR: The Victorians are sticklers for formal etiquette. We'll have to leave the house immediately.

ACE: Don't tell me. So we can knock on the front door and come back in.

(The eye on the pony moves. THE DOCTOR sees it.)

This isn't a haunted house, is it Professor? I told you

I've got this thing about haunted houses.

THE DOCTOR: Did you tell me that?

ACE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: How many have you been in?

ACE: One was enough. Never again.

(The pony snorts quietly and starts to rock slowly back and forth. In the distance, the grandfather clock starts to chime six o'clock. ACE looks worried.)

* * *

In episode two, apart from the dovetailing of several scenes, one complete scene was cut where the confused Gwendoline visits the equally confused Redvers. It isn't actually vital to the plot, but it emphasizes the sadness and hopelessness of these characters.

AN EMPTY BEDROOM (NIGHT).

(FENN-COOPER lies sideways on the bare floor in his straight-jacket, lit only by a pool of moonlight. He struggles.)

FENN-COOPER: Not much time left. It'll soon be light.

(GWENDOLINE enters.)

GWENDOLINE: Mr Fenn-Cooper.

FENN-COOPER: So you've seen Redvers too. Where are they holding the poor devil? I know he's close by.

GWENDOLINE: I am lost. So lost and alone.

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FENN-COOPER: Redvers got used to loneliness in the bush. He understands.

GWENDOLINE I cannot find my mother. I'm sure she was here.

FENN-COOPER: Don't be alarmed.

(He struggles inside his straight-jacket.)

Redvers Fenn-Cooper always escapes in the end. He knows where the greatest secret of all is hidden. It sleeps in the depths of the Interior. And it must never be woken.

* * *

Episode three suffered the most from cuts. While the Doctor argues with Light, Josiah plots in the Upper Observatory.

THE UPPER OBSERVATORY (Day).

(FENN-COOPER studies the bullet-holed Queen Victoria target. The maids ranged in attendance on the Upper Level. JOSIAH is in conference with MRS PRITCHARD while GWENDOLINE rocks gently on the rocking pony.)

JOSIAH: The Doctor is no more human than Light is. He's not even British! I wonder which of them is lower in cunning?

MRS PRITCHARD: But they can both be lured into traps.

JOSIAH: Preferably together. My collection is short on predators.

GWENDOLINE: Let me deal with them, Uncle. I like traps.

MRS PRITCHARD: And Nimrod must be punished for his disobedience.

NIMROD I am here, sir.

MRS PRITCHARD: So you come slinking back looking for favours.

NIMROD: I know where my allegiances lie, sir.

(JOSIAH snatches the target card from the startled FENN-COOPER.)

JOSIAH: Nothing will delay my plan for the Empire. With luck the Doctor and Light will be at each others' throats before they even notice.

* * *

In an early version, later revised, Control and Mackenzie have a bit of a set-to until Light intervenes. Frank Windsor was a bit disappointed to lose out on a slice of the action.

THE HALLWAY (NIGHT).

(CONTROL listens at the half-open door. MACKENZIE comes up behind and taps her on the shoulder.)

MACKENZIE: Come along, young madam. You're a workhouse girl, I can tell. It's a bit too fancy for you here.

CONTROL: Soon I be a proper ladylike!

MACKENZIE: Go on. Your sort's more at home in an East End gin shop. What are you really after?

(CONTROL hisses angrily.)

CONTROL: My freeness! And Doctor forgetting!

* * *

THE HALLWAY (NIGHT).

(Spitting mad, CONTROL faces MACKENZIE.)

MACKENZIE: You're no town tabby, sweetheart. Never will be!

(CONTROL lunges and grabs MACKENZIE by the throat.)

CONTROL: Will be ladylike!

(MACKENZIE forces CONTROL's arms away, but she leans in and bites his wrist. He releases her. She throws him over her shoulder, steps neatly forward, grabs him, slams his head against one wall, drags him across the corridor, slams his head against the other wall, steps back, curtsies.)

Everything all right, squire? You're a real toff.

(She trots forward and kicks him in the stomach. With a cry, he drops to one knee. CONTROL steps smartly up onto the knee, swings round and lands firmly on his shoulders. He staggers up in agony with CONTROL gleefully squeezing her fingers into his head.)

MACKENZIE: Get off me!

(He falls forward as THE DOCTOR and ACE burst through the door and stop short. LIGHT is already standing over CONTROL, who cringes away.)

LIGHT: How many more millennia must I endure your company?

ACE: How does Light move so fast?

THE DOCTOR: He can travel at the speed of... thought.

ACE: Wouldn't get some people I know very far.

(She goes to help MACKENZIE, as he dusts himself down.)

Are you all right, Inspector?

MACKENZIE: Nothing a cup of tea won't put right.

(He turns to CONTROL.)

And a few years behind bars!

(The force of LIGHT's glare drags CONTROL up.)

LIGHT: Is this the Earth? Tell me! Where is the survey agent?

CONTROL: Control wants freeness!

(She points at THE DOCTOR.)

Doctor promised?

LIGHT: It is not his to give.

ACE: Did you promise, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Things ran away with themselves.

CONTROL: Control too! Run away!

(She dashes off up the stairs. LIGHT raises his head to glare at her, but THE DOCTOR grabs his arm.)

Josiah, determined to maintain his standing as a Victorian gentleman, sends Mrs Pritchard out with a formal invitation.

* * *

THE DRAWING ROOM (NIGHT).

(LIGHT stands looking at the painting of the Queen.

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She is plainly not amused. He turns to look at the door. MRS PRITCHARD enters carrying a silver tray with the invitation on it. She's no barrel of laughs either. She approaches LIGHT. He raises a flexing claw and glares. She meets his eye.)

MRS PRITCHARD: Mr Josiah presents his compliments sir, and welcomes you to Gabriel Chase house. He requests the pleasure of your company at dinner, to be served at eight o'clock.

(LIGHT crushes a cockroach. Then he turns to look at MRS PRITCHARD.)

LIGHT: I accept.

* * *

Meanwhile, Gwendoline is in full murderous pursuit of Ace, Control and Redvers are getting acquainted, and Inspector Mackenzie is about to run into trouble.

THE HALLWAY (NIGHT).

(The dead maid lies on the floor. By her are the tray and overturned tureen. LIGHT's cloak passes over her like a spread wing. MACKENZIE emerges from the depths of the house engrossed in another sandwich. Both LIGHT and the maid are gone. Missing the maid's discarded cap totally, MACKENZIE turns to see MRS PRITCHARD advancing upon him.)

MACKENZIE: Ah, Lady Pritchard. I've been wanting a word with you.

(MRS PRITCHARD *snaps her fingers*. Two maids appear.)

Perhaps we can sort this business out...

(The maids draw in rather too closely. MACKENZIE backs off.)

... over a pot of tea.

(He flees up the stairs. MRS PRITCHARD produces a machete and hands it to one of the maids. They pursue MACKENZIE.)

* * *

Much curtailed was the sequence where the Doctor and Redvers go hunting. The Crowned Saxe Coburg is Josiah's mocking corruption of Mrs Saxe Coburg, a common nickname for Queen Victoria at that time.

INTERIOR THE DRAWING ROOM (NIGHT).

(FENN-COOPER is examining ornaments on the mantelpiece below the Queen's portrait.)

FENN-COOPER: It's a votive idol to the Saxe Coburg. The locals leave offerings to it.

(THE DOCTOR *sifts irritably through the sideboard.*)

THE DOCTOR: It's a portrait of Queen Victoria.

FENN-COOPER: The quarry must be close. We'll soon root it out.

THE DOCTOR: Redvers! Josiah's planning to assassinate the Queen and take over the British Empire! He's using you to

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do it!

FENN-COOPER: Steady on Doctor, you've had a touch too much sun.

THE DOCTOR: Josiah needs you. That's why you're still alive. You must have something he wants.

FENN-COOPER: But I didn't give it him! Redvers wouldn't let him have it!

(THE DOCTOR sternly holds out a hand. FENN-COOPER shrugs, takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to THE DOCTOR.)

You are a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

(THE DOCTOR slides a card from the envelope and reads it.)

THE DOCTOR: 'Her Majesty requests the pleasure of the company of Redvers Fenn-Cooper and guest at a reception at Buckingham Palace.' And when you arrive - kaput! No more Crowned Saxe Coburg or House of Windsor!

FENN-COOPER: Only the strongest survive. It's the law of the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: What, eat or be eaten? That's fine until the next fish along is bigger and hungrier than you are!

* * *

Nimrod has encountered Light, his former God, at dubious work in the Trophy Room. Since the situation seems beyond hope, the manservant decided to take action over his future. This scene never got further than the rehearsal room, which was rather sad because both actors rose to its implications splendidly. Carl Forgione with a quiet dignity

and Ian Hogg with mounting paranoia.

THE UPPER OBSERVATORY (NIGHT).

(NIMROD enters. JOSIAH is angry.)

JOSIAH: Where's Redvers? I told you to bring him.

NIMROD: My circumstances have changed, sir. I wish to serve notice of the termination of my employment.

JOSIAH
(laughing): What? Without me you have nothing.

(Suddenly afraid, JOSIAH grabs NIMROD by his lapels.)

What's Light been saying to you? Or that Doctor? I know where your allegiances lie.

(He throws NIMROD to the floor. NIMROD slowly rises and faces JOSIAH.)

NIMROD: With myself, sir.

(JOSIAH cannot hold the stare.)

JOSIAH: Where are the others? It's dinner time. Why aren't they all dead? Must I do everything myself?

(He stalks off. NIMROD turns. LIGHT is standing behind him. LIGHT walks over and looks at the TARDIS, reaching out and touching it.)

LIGHT: I think we shall be late for dinner.

* * *

Light has taken a flight from the house. By the time he returns, his worst fears have been confirmed.

THE UPPER OBSERVATORY (NIGHT).

(The window is open. As NIMROD waits, something sails past behind him outside the window. There is the sound of a huge bird landing. NIMROD turns. LIGHT stands by the window, folding back his cloak, like wings. The vision of Earth he has just witnessed has sent him slightly manic.)

LIGHT: It's still changing. Seething with life! Every plane and crevice crawls with it! It's never ceased evolving. But I know the stench of its over-ripe infested carcass. The Doctor was right. This is the Earth. And it has seen its final day.

In *Doctor Who*, the myriad diversity of life in the Universe is constantly extolled. I thought it was time for a celebration of the inextinguishable surge of the life force of Earth.

The story's ending may not be as tidy as it first appears. Once all the revelations have been made, Light's ship leaves with a newly recruited crew. The balance between Josiah and Control has tilted the opposite way. In fact, Control is now dominant and Josiah, slipping back to his origins, has become the new Control. But the two, both mutable creatures and infinitely adaptable to each new environment they visit, will be permanently vying for supremacy, and neither can survive without the other. Redvers, gentleman and gung-ho explorer, may well want to shoot every new specimen on sight. Poor Nimrod will have his work cut out trying to maintain the balance. The other housekeeper, Mrs Grose, deprived of her day job, takes a new situation at Bly, the haunted house in Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*.

Ace has faced up to her worst nightmare, and the Doctor, with his usual facade of whimsical detachment, has sailed closer to the wind with both enemies and a friend than he intended. As for Light? The

events surrounding his manifestation have tainted the house, but did we really witness his dispersal? Or was the ship listening and responsive to the Doctor's final condemnation? Somewhere in its catalogue, ticking away the cosmic seconds, there may be an entry headed: 'Imagination, lack of.'

Marc Platt, February 1993

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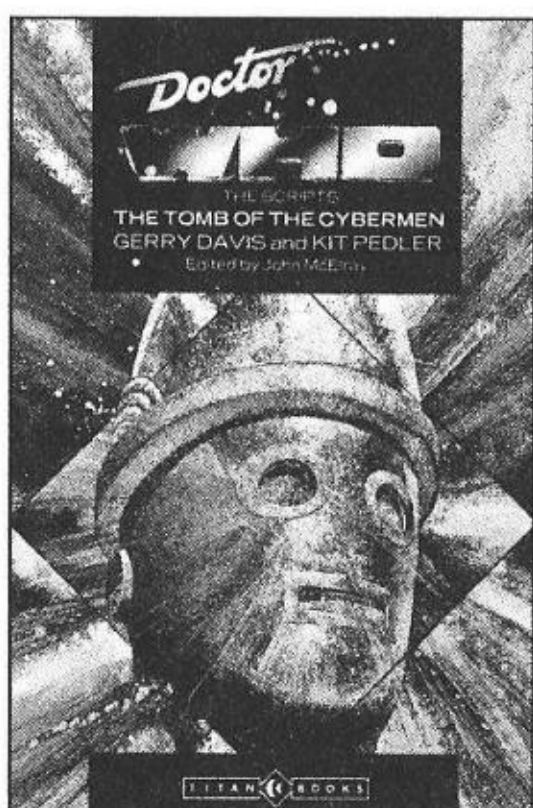
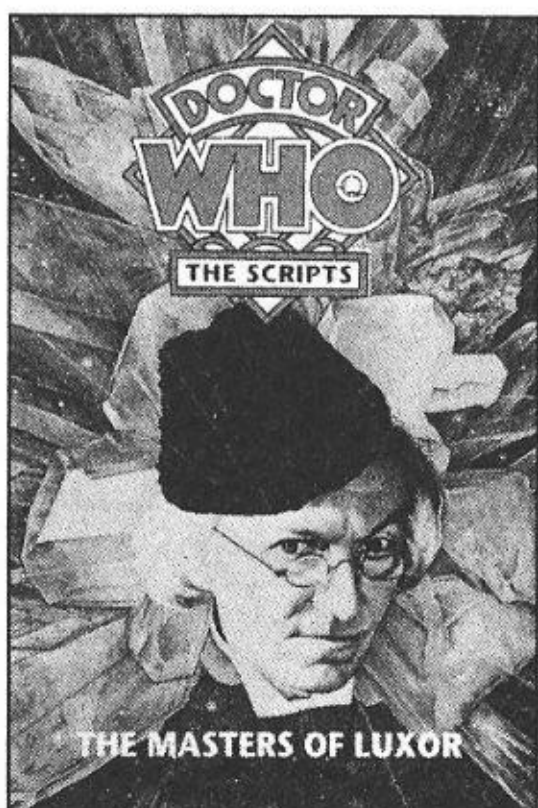
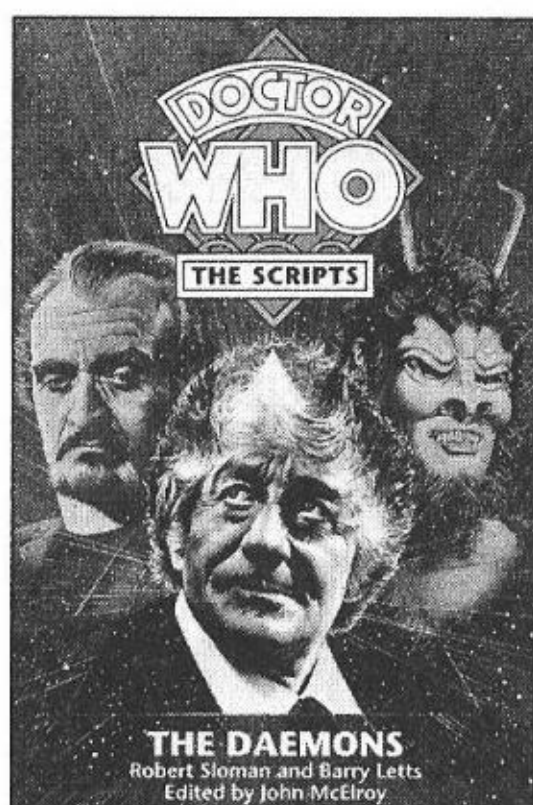
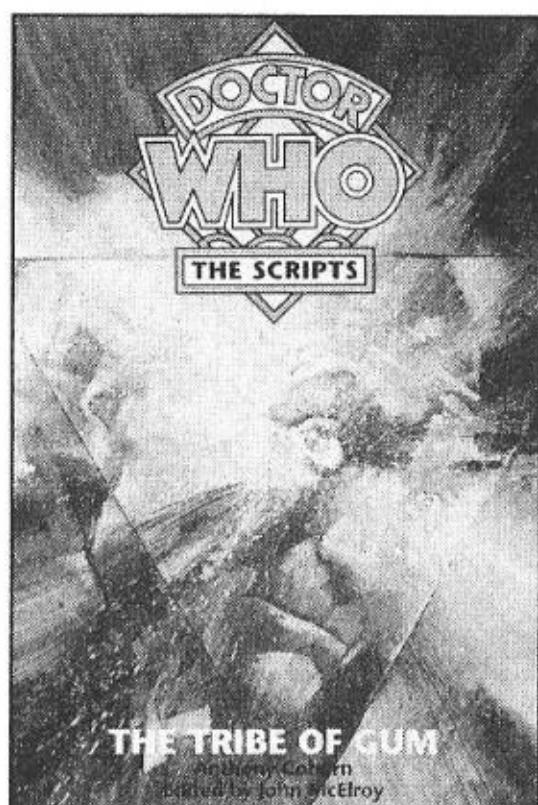
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